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A Celebration of Rebecca West

Saturday Review

October 15, 1977

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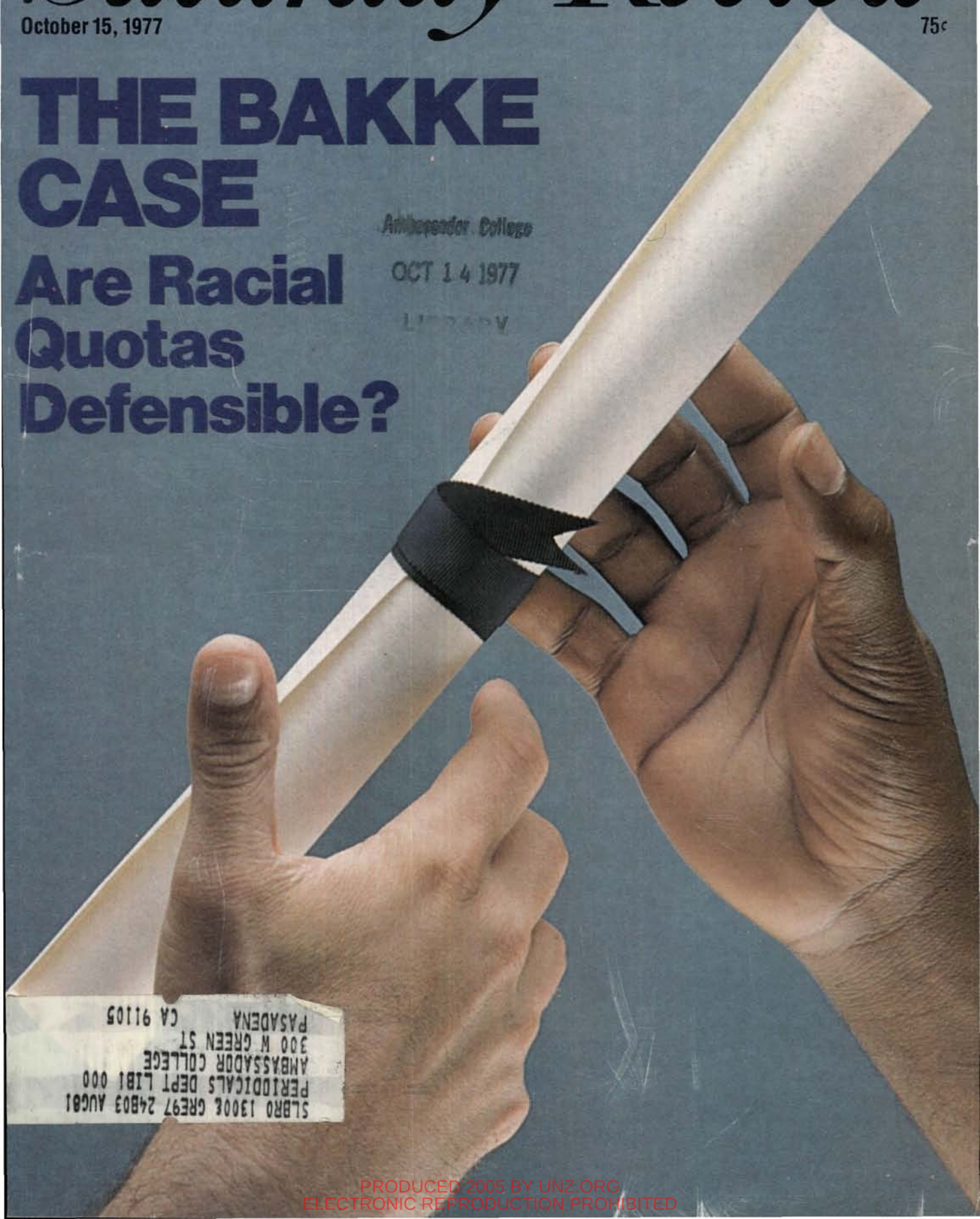

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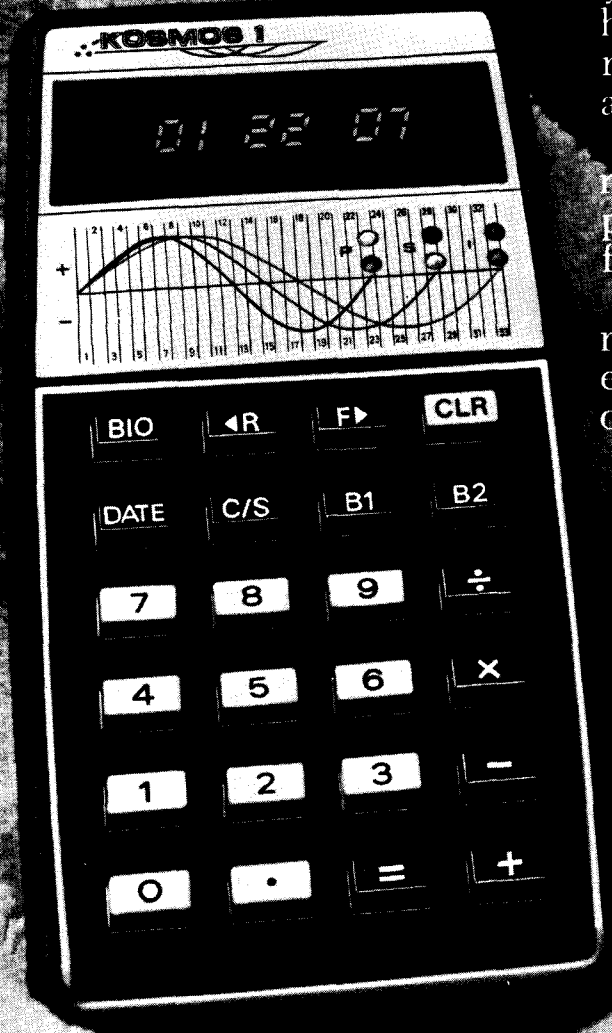

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Editor's Page

The Cuban Missile Crisis: An Anniversary

NEXT week marks the fifteenth anniversary of the Cuban missile crisis. It was a crisis that found the President of the United States and the Premier of the Soviet Union poised over the nuclear push buttons.

The week of October 22, 1962, began with a nationally televised broadcast by President John F. Kennedy in which he disclosed that Soviet missile sites were being constructed on Cuban soil within lobbing distance of American cities. The President's statement was tantamount to an ultimatum to the Soviet Union to remove the missile installations. He said that he had ordered the U.S. Navy to intercept Soviet ships bound for Cuba. The blockade would continue in force, he said, until the missile sites were dismantled.

The nation as a whole rallied behind the President, though there was a numbing realization that the stage was now set for an incident that could touch off a nuclear war. The President had neither ignored nor minimized this possibility in deciding on the blockade. And all at once people—not just Americans but people everywhere—realized they had been wrong in believing that nuclear war was so horrible that no nation would dare unleash it. Even though the arsenals of the United States and the Soviet Union bulged with atomic explosives, and even though both countries had centered their military strategies on nuclear force, people everywhere had been sustained by the illusion that the bomb would never be used. But all this changed during that week; people suddenly had to face up to the implications of atomic warfare.

Day by day during that week, a tragic flaw in the organization of human society became increasingly apparent. The nation was the ultimate form of organization on earth; but the interests of the nation were not necessarily consistent with the interests of the human species. In the fact of warring against one another, the nuclear nations would be warring against the whole of the human race.

The feeling of mounting helplessness was one of the most memorable—memorable in the scarring sense—aspects of the week of the Cuban crisis. Pope John XXIII provided moral leadership when he appealed to both governments to accept their obligation not just to themselves but to the cause of human life. He urged restraint in the name of a common humanity and a common sanity. Few other voices spoke for the human family that week.

What about the men who presided over the nuclear switchboards? Were they unmindful of the moral implications of what might happen? Both President Kennedy and Premier Khrushchev, we now know from various memoirs, were fully aware of the shattering meaning of the confrontation; yet they were steered by their separate national identities. A nation had not only its interests to uphold but its pride. A nation went to war before risking the appearance of weakness. Nuclear war was not unthinkable; the only thing that was unthinkable was a departure from one's conception of the national honor. The survival of the species was a "soft" question. The "hard" question concerned the national security.

The Soviet Union was intent on proving that if the United States thought it could supply Cuban émigrés with the military means of staging an invasion, the U.S.S.R. could supply the Cuban government with missiles as a deterrent. The United States was intent on proving that it would not allow its national security to be jeopardized by Russian missiles a few miles off the American coast. Both objectives were readily explicable in the context of a world of plot-and-counterplot in which force was the only arbiter.

But the "soft" question—the question raised by Pope John—persisted nonetheless: Who had responsibility for human destiny? However impressed personally the leaders of the two governments may have been by the Pope's appeal they still had to contend with the issues raised by a test of strength. The men who were close to President Kennedy at the time have said that the United States was completely determined to go all the way if it had to—yet they have drawn a picture, too, of a President, a human being, who was eager to explore every possibility by which the other side could back down without loss of face.

What about Khrushchev? Several months after the end of the Cuban crisis, I was involved in negotiations with Premier Khrushchev for the release of two cardinals who had been under house arrest in the Ukraine and in Czechoslovakia for almost two decades. Premier Khrushchev spoke freely about the situation in the Kremlin during the week of the Cuban crisis. From his description, the Soviet situation emerged as a mirror image of the American experience. The people around Khrushchev sought to steer him away from any action that would be a confession of weakness.

"When I asked the military advisers if they could assure me that holding fast would not result in the death of five hundred million human beings, they looked at me as though I was out of my mind or, what was worse, a traitor," he told me. "The biggest tragedy, as they saw it, was not that our country might be devastated and everything lost, but that the Chinese or the Albanians would accuse us of appeasement or weakness. So I said to myself: 'To hell with these maniacs. If I can get the United States to assure me that it will not attempt to overthrow the Cuban government, will remove the missiles.' That is what happened. And so now I am being reviled by the Chinese and the Albanians. They say I was afraid to stand up to a paper tiger. It is all such nonsense. What good would it have done me in the last hour of my life to know that though our great nation and the United States were in complete ruins, the national honor of the Soviet Union was intact?"

In the United States, there was no official gloating, or order of President Kennedy, when Premier Khrushchev removed the missile sites. But the resolution of the missile crisis was widely interpreted as proof that if only we would stand firm we would always come out ahead. Very little was said about the fact that if both countries had been guided by that notion, both would have been destroyed.

The real lesson of the week of October 22, 1962, was that the cause of life on earth is too important to be left to the national aggregations. That lesson will make its mark only when a genuine world order comes into being that is able to resolve disputes on the basis of justice and codified law and that is responsible not just to national governments but to the society of humans on earth. —N.C.

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Letters from Readers

Back Door Sex

I was disturbed by the Back Door piece in your July 23 issue. Mr. Tucker seems to think that because homosexuals are guaranteed certain rights by the Constitution and its first ten Amendments, we will enjoy them without hindrance. Where was he during the Sixties? Is he aware of the women's movement?

Perhaps we are not meant to take this seriously, but he says, "What I object to is that they are demanding these rights as homosexuals rather than as ordinary citizens." These rights are withheld because we *are* homosexuals. Is he aware that our esteemed representatives in Congress recently approved "legislation" that would specifically deny legal assistance funds to homosexuals engaged in "legal disputes or controversies on homosexuality or so-called 'gay rights' "? In most states we are without legal sanctions against ignorant or bigoted employers, landlords, and legislators. Tucker believes this is as it should be: the Dade County "ordinance guaranteeing homosexuals these rights was unnecessary and should be repealed."

"The issue, I know, is more complex than that," says Tucker, as though someone informed him that the issue is complex but failed to explain to him how. There are "too many groups around the world whose fundamental rights are endangered. . . ." (Indeed.) Tucker looks forward to the day when "we can concentrate on more immediate and more important concerns." Because homosexuals are threatened by a worse than bleak future, "some of the more significant issues of the day are slighted or ignored."

The issue is human rights, Mr. Tucker. The issue is the creation of a legally defined second-class citizenship. You should be aware that the issue is tyranny.

Don Wolff
Denver, Colo.

Carll Tucker replies: If a person is discriminated against on the basis of sex, race, or sexual preference, he or she has recourse to the courts. If a person is injured by a law that sanctions discrimination, he or she can challenge the constitutionality of that law. If, for instance, the Senate passes a bill specifically denying homosexuals legal aid funds to finance their civil rights suits, the bill should be challenged. To campaign for legislation granting rights that are already guaranteed is diversionary and—witness the Dade County referendum—divisive.

To equate the homosexuals' battle for civil rights with those of women and blacks is misleading. Sex and skin color are given, not chosen, and are impossible to conceal. Among the "more important and immediate concerns" to which I referred are the battles in behalf of those who can do nothing to help themselves—the unemployed, the handicapped, children. I heartily regret that Anita Bryant and her opposites are forcing us to devote energy and attention to a question that never needed to have been raised.

With this issue *SR* begins a monthly feature, Education Now, whose purpose is to create a dialogue between educators and our readers on matters of specific and general concern in the field of education. Each month, a question posed by an *SR* reader will be answered by a specialist. Unfortunately we will not be able to acknowledge or respond to questions that are not answered in the magazine. Please address questions to Education Now, Saturday Review, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019.

Shaping Up

The ideas reported in *The People Shapers* [August 20] regarding the control of human traits seem to me behaviorism gone mad.

That the soul is not to be identified with the body has been stated "from above down" by the wisdom teachers of all the great races and is now being verified by the modern psychology of the unconscious and many of the branches of parapsychology "from below up."

Eugenics and other disciplines seeking to improve the physical vehicle are legitimate and desirable. To improve the mental, moral, and other nonmaterial factors in human life by constraints on the body could lead to worse repression than anything Communist governments have yet attempted.

Gertrude Borchard
Upper Montclair, N.J.

Your August 20 excerpt from Vance Packard's book *The People Shapers* is both fascinating and frightening.

In "Packaging Superior People," the question "And what about [an] embryo that combined the seed of a certified genius and a well-known actor or actress?" reminds me of the story about George Bernard Shaw. A beautiful and talented performer—I think it was Isadora Duncan—is said to have written to Shaw expressing her admiration and proposing that they get together to produce a super-child who would have his genius and her beauty. Shaw wrote the reply: "But suppose it had my body and *your* brain?"

B. A. Speck
Washington, D.C.

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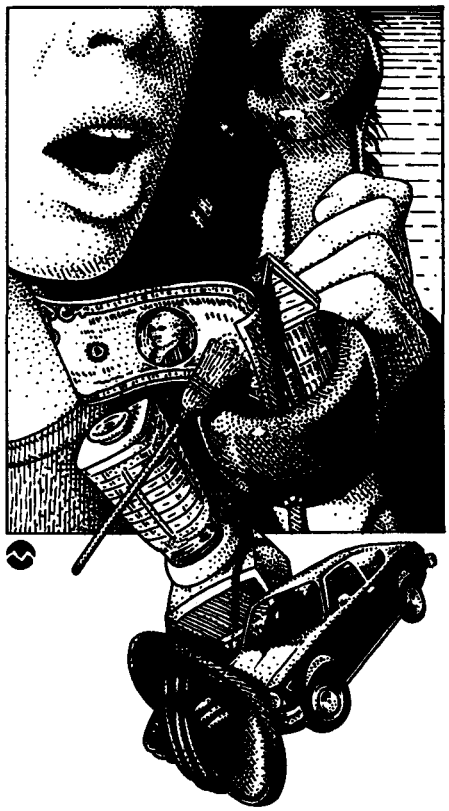
Front Runners

Sorry, Right Number

In the annals of junk advertising, a new chapter is just now being written. First, of course, came junk mail—all those unsolicited solicitations and unasked-for ads that jam your mailbox. Then, even more insidious, came the junk phone call—the fast-talker trying to sell you half-hour dance lessons or half-acre desert lots or half-price magazine subscriptions. The latest wrinkle in this kind of invasion of privacy is an automatic machine that can make as many as 1,000 junk calls per day, delivering a prerecorded pitch and taping the helpless prospect's response.

Against this powerful new technology even an unlisted phone number is no defense. The machine mindlessly and methodically dials digits in every possible permutation. Sooner or later, it will ring every number in use. The only way to fight the telephone-calling machine to a draw may be to install a telephone-answering machine.



Marvin Mattelson

Man's Worst Friend?

Do wolves really attack people, or is all that a fable dreamed up by Hollywood scriptwriters?

A California jury has pondered this question and come up with bad news for wolf lovers: it awarded $918,000 to the family of a six-year-old Lake Tahoe girl who had been severely mauled by a wolf.

The offending animal was one of two that broke away from a pack of supposedly trained wolves being used in location shooting for a Walt Disney film. The family's suit charged that the wolf, coming upon the girl in her nearby backyard, inflicted deep lacerations on her face and body. According to expert testimony, the girl's face is partially paralyzed as a result of the attack, and she will need to have operations periodically throughout her life.

Rumblings from Foggy Bottom

State Department careerists are complaining about President Carter's appointments to prestigious diplomatic posts. Their objection is not that the appointees are—as was so often true in the old days—know-nothing, fat-cat "civilians." Their gripe is, rather, that Carter has reached outside the diplomatic corps and tapped members of a kind of "shadow" foreign service—people who have long been waiting for a change of the guard that would enable them to use their expertise in a liberal administration.

Clearly, in many cases the newcomers are highly qualified, but that argument is cold comfort for those who have been passed over after years of diligent bureaucratic labor in Foggy Bottom and embassies abroad.

Richard Moose, for instance, was a top investigator for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee under Senator William Fulbright. He participated in a number of revealing studies on the war in Indochina. Now he is assistant secretary for African affairs—a post occupied before him by career diplomat William Schaufele, shunted aside with the promise of an ambassadorship. Richard Holbrooke was a top editor of *Foreign Policy* before his appointment as assistant secretary for East Asian and Pacific affairs, in place of careerist Arthur Hummel.

In other exchanges of outside for in-house talent, Matthew Nimetz, an attorney for Cyrus Vance's law firm, replaced Helmut Sonnenfeldt as State Department counselor; Douglas Bennett succeeded Robert McCloskey as assistant secretary for congressional relations; Hodding Carter III grabbed the dual posts of State Department spokesman and assistant secretary for public affairs, positions once held by Robert Funseth and John Reinhardt; and former *New York Times* correspondent Leslie Gelb now runs the Bureau of Politico-Military Affairs, in place of George Vest.

Not that the displaced senior diplomats are all out of work. Vest, in fact, has moved on to become assistant secretary for European affairs, and he serves as co-chairman, along with Marshall Shulman, of a new intra-agency committee coordinating United States relations with the Soviet Union. (Shulman is yet another "outsider"; a distinguished Columbia scholar on Soviet affairs, he now has the rank of ambassador.)

But even if they have been given good new jobs, diplomatic careerists beneath the senior level find it a bit discomforting, if not downright demoralizing, to see Carter reaching outside the State Department. This pattern is especially galling for graying ministers and counselors and deputy chiefs of mission. Morale has sunk so low in some quarters at State that Philip Habib, undersecretary for political affairs and the department's highest-ranking careerist, is grumbling that he may just quit this fall if the trend continues much longer.

Continued

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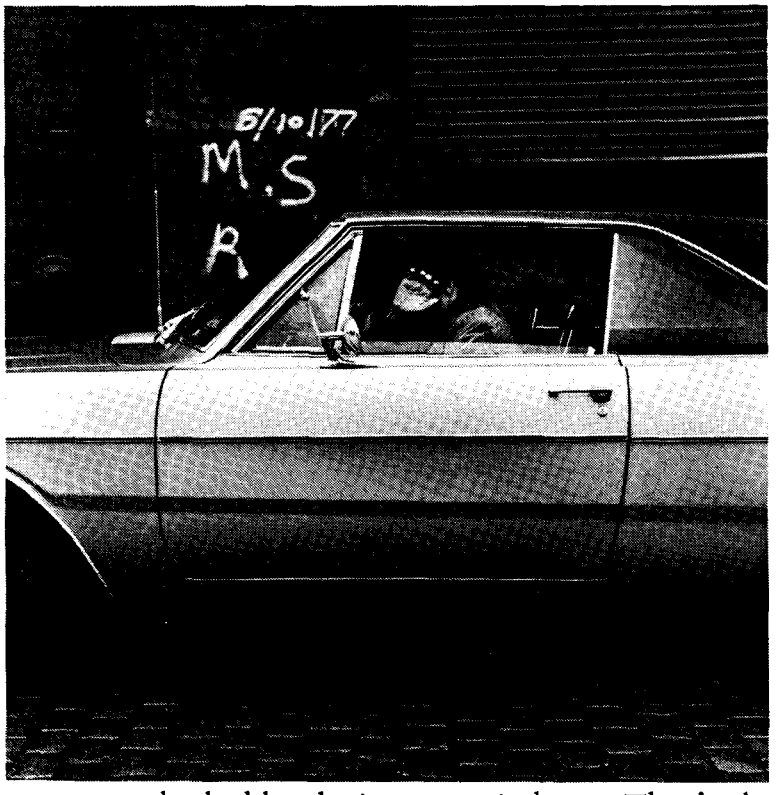
ORGANIZED CRIME IS NOW THE BIGGEST CAR THIEF. AND THEY'RE NOT GOING FOR JOYRIDES.

Organized crime has found a new bonanza.

The stolen cars they don't send abroad for profits in the black market or peddle in "steal-to-order" circles are broken down and sold here for parts. (And we all know what parts go for.) Others are used as transportation in robberies or in the drug traffic.



The magnitude is frightening, too.

Last year, alone, 1,000,000 cars were driven away by people who didn't own them. (About 1/10 as many as were bought.) Oddly, 15% of the cars stolen had their keys in a very convenient place: the ignition.

The future may be a little less bleak, though. Thanks to the cooperation of government agencies under a Federal Interagency Committee and to the National Automobile Theft Bureau and local committees backed by the insurance industry. They've been giving help to the public on ways to protect their cars. And trying to get the public to cooperate in the apprehension of car thieves. The Travelers Office of Consumer Information would be glad to put you in touch with the National Automobile Theft Bureau to help set up a committee in your area. Just write our Office of Consumer Information, One Tower Square, Hartford, Conn. 06115. Or dial, toll-free, 800-243-0191. In Connecticut, call collect, 277-6565.

Maybe we can get some of those car thieves behind bars instead of behind the wheels of our cars.

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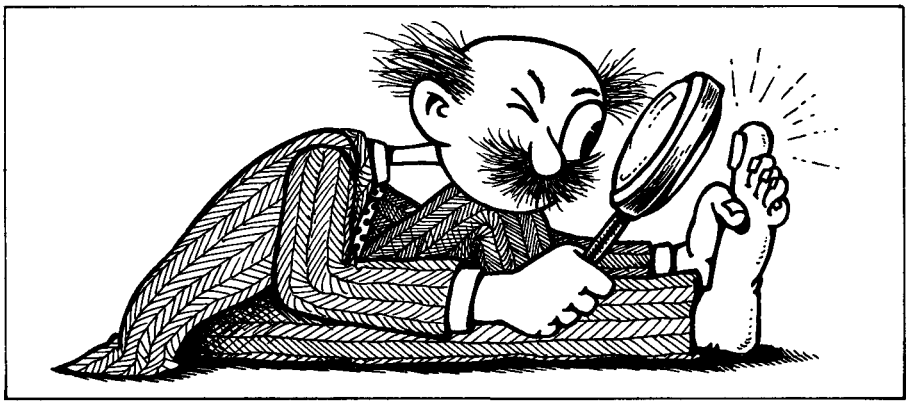
Front Runners

News for Chewers

In vain, dentists have been warning generations of confirmed chewers that sugar-sweetened gum is a menace to their teeth. Recently, however, bowing to the inevitable, researchers in Finland have been working on a sugarless gum containing an artificial sweetener that they claim actually fights tooth decay instead of promoting it. The new sweetener, a naturally occurring sugar alcohol called xylitol, was first tested in 1972 on a group of dental students. After two years on a xylitol-sweetened diet, the students had 90 percent fewer cavities than another group whose food and candy were sweetened with sucrose—ordinary table sugar.

Unwilling to risk the Food and Drug Administration's wrath by making unproven medical claims for xylitol, American candy manufacturers are only beginning to test market xylitol-sweetened gum. But in Finland, xylitol is being included in recipes for everything from candy to toothpaste.

Now, if only the researchers would come up with a chewing gum that doesn't stick to shoe leather. . . .



Jerry Zimmerman

The Daily Nails

Most people think toenail clippings aren't good for much. But not Dr. Carl Moore. The chairman of the chemistry department at Loyola University in Chicago, Dr. Moore is studying trace elements—zinc, iron, chromium, mercury—in human tissue; and free toenails are easier to come by than heart muscles or liver specimens. To ensure an adequate supply, Dr. Moore decided to run a notice in the school newspaper, advising potential donors that toenail envelopes would be distributed throughout the school, along with detailed questionnaires about each donor's medical background, cultural heritage, and other data that might affect toenail content. "Clippings," he added, "should be free from dirt and contaminants like nail polish; they are easier to wash while still attached."

It worked: toenails came in at a fast clip, from as far away as California and Canada, and it wasn't long before Dr. Moore reached his goal of 1,000 sets. Then, confusion set in. The wire services picked up the story, but garbled the name of the school. Surprised secretaries at the University of Chicago and Northwestern University soon found themselves opening the daily nails—carts and carts of them.

Those nails were subsequently shipped to Dr. Moore, and the entire toenail affair has now been polished off except for two details: the British Broadcasting Company has passed on Dr. Moore's request to Londoners: and the Federal Bureau of Investigation, where Dr. Moore's son works as a translator and interpreter of Chinese, apparently finds the story difficult to believe as printed. They are quizzing young Moore about the reasons behind his father's amassing of an international toenail collection.

Have a Deceptive Dip

In San Francisco, which takes its ice cream very seriously, dessert manufacturer Gaylord Willis displays on the walls of his shop (Old Uncle Gaylord's) a list of artificial ingredients found in run-of-the-freezer ice creams. A sampling of the ingredients includes piperonal, a vanilla substitute and also a commercial louse killer; butraldehyde, which gives a nutlike flavor and is a major ingredient in rubber cement; and diethyl glucol, a perfect substitute for egg yolks and a perfect additive for antifreeze solutions.

Now Willis is in combat with the federal Food and Drug Administration (FDA) over its proposed regulations to rationalize the manufacture and marketing of ice cream. Under the plan, manufacturers would have to list ingredients on the carton and identify —as "flavored" and "artificial"— cheap products now disguised with terms like "old-fashioned." However, milk producers and quality ice cream makers, like Uncle Gaylord's, are furious over other provisions that would allow "generic grouping" of ingredients; for example, by-products such as "plastic cream," the residue of cheese-making, could be listed on the label as "cream."

Willis calls the FDA proposals "a travesty" and says "radical action must be taken before we all succumb to the garbage being foisted off on the American public." If the FDA does not backtrack, Willis says he will sue in federal court.

Front Runners Submissions

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Energy for a strong America

Burning high sulfur coal cleanly: it's a hot subject at Exxon.

The fiery column next to Exxon research engineer Rene Bertrand holds the kind of coal that could add pollution to the air we breathe. But the coal here is being burned in a new, cleaner way called "fluidized bed combustion." In this process, crushed coal is burned in a bed of limestone granules while a stream of air is injected into the mixture. The air causes the powdered solids to behave like fluids so they can be moved through the process. Most of the sulfur gases that are released as the coal is burned react with the limestone and do not escape into the atmosphere. Later the sulfur can be recovered for use as a chemical raw material.

Exxon's research affiliate built and is operating a pilot plant for the U.S. Government to demonstrate the fluidized bed combustion process. Exxon is one of several firms involved in a national program aimed at developing this cleaner way to burn high sulfur coal.

We expect the process will someday help electric utilities and industrial firms make greater use of America's huge reserves of high sulfur coal.

Exxon pioneered the development of fluidized bed technology for refining gasoline and other fuels. Applying it in this new way to help satisfy our nation's energy needs is a good example of how experience in one form of energy can pay off in another.

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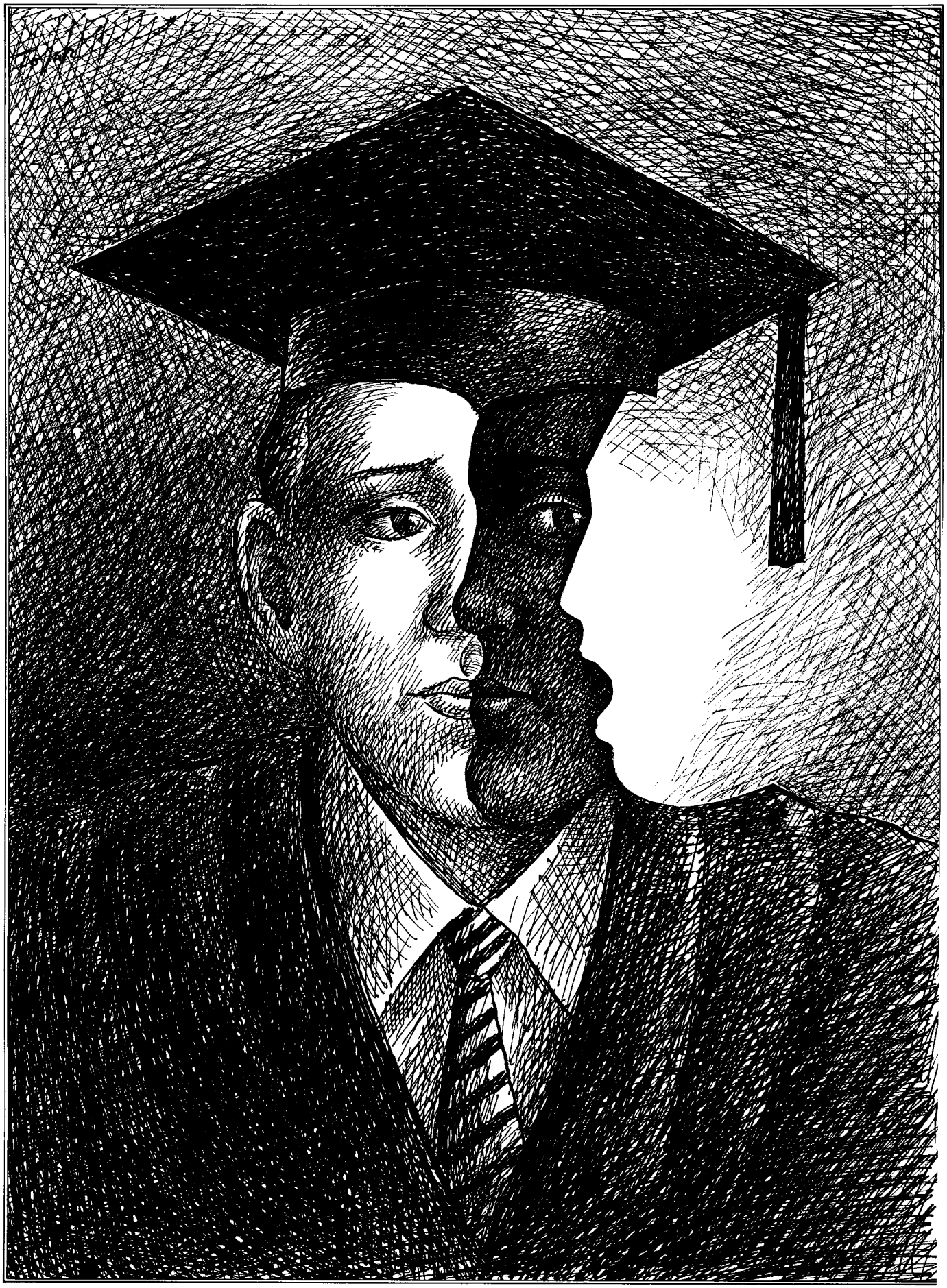

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THE BAKKE CASE

Are Racial Quotas Defensible?

by Charles Lawrence III

THIS month, the United State Supreme Court is hearing oral argument in what may be the single most important constitutional case since the 1954 *Brown* decision outlawed segregated schooling. In *Regents of the University of California* v. *Bakke*, the issue in question is narrow enough: the constitutionality of a special admissions program used by the medical school at the Davis campus of the University of California to ensure the enrollment of a representative number of minority students. The verdict, however, will have implications that go so far beyond the parties involved that the case will become nothing less than a major historical event.

If the Court decides in Bakke's favor, it will be a serious setback for meaningful integration of America's middle class. The nation's leading educators have alerted the Court that the "for whites only" signs would be effectively restored in our professional schools and colleges. Thousands of private corporations and public agencies might follow suit by abandoning "affirmative action" programs designed to give minorities an equal chance in the job market. Moreover, if Bakke succeeds, his case may become the vehicle for legitimizing a massive public misunderstanding of the meaning of racial equality. Unless the Court is prepared to take the kind of morally courageous stand against public sentiment that it did in *Brown*, the prospects for a constructive outcome are dim.

Affirmative action has been a highly controversial issue since its inception in the late Sixties, but *Bakke* marks the first time the nation's most authoritative court will face the issue head on. It will be doing so not after months and months of arduous and exhaustive evidentiary hearings, but in the absence of real debate and adequate information on the trial record. Worse still, the Court, as it must know, will be handing down its decision to a public that unfortunately has been misled into believing that affirmative action means "reverse discrimination." The story of the *Bakke* case to date contains a string of intentional and accidental misunderstandings that may ambush all those who are struggling to achieve equality in these hard economic times.

In 1973 and again in 1974, Allan Bakke, a thirty-seven-year-old civil engineer, applied for admission to the medical school at the Davis campus of the University of California. He was rejected on both occasions. During those same years, the university initiated a special admissions procedure that enabled about 16 "disadvantaged" applicants to join its freshman class of 100 students. Admission to the medical school under the regular procedures depended heavily on the applicant's college grades and performance on the Medical College Admissions Test (MCAT), a standardized entrance examination. Because very few blacks, Mexican-Americans, native Americans, or Asian-Americans could compete with white applicants under these traditional measures, the medical school had remained lily-white. In an effort to correct the inequity, the school in 1970 adopted a procedure under which applicants were judged by criteria that placed less emphasis on college grades and entrance test scores and more emphasis on subjective evaluations.

Bakke went to court. He complained that the special procedure admitted students who were less qualified than he and that he had been denied admission solely because he was white. This, he argued, violated the equal protection clause

Charles Lawrence III is an associate professor of law at the University of San Francisco. He has contributed to amicus briefs in the Bakke *case on behalf of a number of minority organizations, including the NAACP and the Mexican-American Legal Defense Fund.*

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of the Fourteenth Amendment. The trial court agreed with Bakke and held the special admissions procedure unconstitutional. The California supreme court, by a six-to-one majority, affirmed the judgment.

Ours is a nation of many minorities, and of course all these groups deserve as much protection from discrimination as blacks. But Bakke is not claiming that he was denied admission because of his religion or national origin. Bakke's claim is that he is being discriminated against because he is white. It is simply absurd to argue that the purpose of the university's admissions program is the subjugation or oppression of whites.

Perhaps the most frightening aspect of the case has been the eagerness with which some white Americans have bought Bakke's "reverse discrimination" argument. The university's initial mishandling of the case, the California supreme court's refusal to hear all of the evidence, the assumption by opponents and supporters alike that white applicants are automatically "better qualified" and that minorities must therefore be arbitrarily "preferred" to gain admission—all

Friends of the Court... and the Man Who Started It All

by Stephen Arons

A RECORD number of amicus curiae briefs have been submitted to the United States Supreme Court in connection with the *Bakke* case. All the heavyweights are involved: lawyers of national stature, physicians, social scientists, educators, the U.S. Department of Justice, and groups with nationwide membership and political clout. The list of amici reads like a lineup for a sociopolitical all-star game; and many groups accustomed to being on the same side in civil rights matters find themselves opposed to, and sometimes angry at, their erstwhile allies.

This welter of activity stands in marked contrast to the quiet, almost unnoticed beginning of the *Bakke* case in a rural California courthouse. In the town of Woodland, in 1974, Allan Bakke brought his case against the nation's largest university system. An admissions officer at the university medical school described the blond, blue-eyed ex-Marine as "humorless" and "zealous," a "character out of a Bergman film." And in a sense Bakke has become a film character, the lead in a script on racial antagonism that he did not write but which, as one legal brief puts it, "is the central problem of American life."

Bakke works as a National Aeronautics and Space Administration engineer, with a career to date that hardly leaves him in the ranks of the disadvantaged. Although far beyond the age of normal admission to medical school, he apparently harbors a passion to become a physician. Unfortunately that personal goal has been overwhelmed by other, less noble passions that infuse any struggle concerning race.

Bakke's challenge to affirmative action in higher education caused a tempest in his home state. Demonstrations were set off by the state supreme court's decision upholding Bakke's claim of discrimination. Two thousand people gathered in San Francisco's Civic Center Plaza to declare, among other things, that the court's action was a perpetuation of the university's discriminatory admissions policies of the past. And when the university's board of regents deliberated over whether to appeal for a reversal of an unfavorable decision in the case, demonstrators opposed to the court's ruling picketed the meeting in an attempt to bring their sentiments to bear. Also, the decision seems to have had a chilling effect on minority applications at Davis, the University of California campus to which Bakke applied. According to testimony before a legislative subcommittee, minority applications to the law school have declined drastically in the past couple of years.

A National Committee to Overturn the Bakke Decision has now been formed, and a large demonstration is planned for Washington, D.C., at about the time oral argument will be brought before the Court. Court issues seldom arouse public activity in this way, and it is a measure of the emotions stirred by *Bakke* that the issue cannot be easily contained by traditional forms of conflict resolution. Some of the organizers of the Washington demonstration feel that *Bakke* represents an attempt to make scapegoats of minorities in economically hard times, and that "reverse discrimination" is the code word for this scapegoating. In the words of one organizer, "It is necessary to try to make the Court think twice before legitimizing the thesis of reverse discrimination."

Some of the more than 40 amicus briefs supporting affirmative action—and opposing Bakke's contention—come from: the American Bar Association, the Association of American Medical Colleges, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People Legal Defense Fund, Columbia, Harvard, Stanford, and Pennsylvania universities, the American Civil Liberties Union, the National Conference of Black Lawyers, the National Council of Churches, the Americans for Democratic Action, the National Education Association, and the United Auto Workers. In one brief alone, the arguments of nearly two dozen highly active national organizations are presented, including the Americans for Democratic Action, the National Education Association, the National Lawyer's Guild, the National Organization for Women, the Urban League, the United Farm Workers, the United Auto Workers, the United Mine Workers, the Young Men's Christian Association, the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, and the Children's Defense Fund.

The Justice Department's brief, while upholding race as a pertinent factor in judging individual candidates for university admission, rejects the system under which specific places in a class are reserved for minority group

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are symptomatic of a prevailing attitude toward race relations in the nation today. It is an attitude that says, "Perhaps we have gone far enough with this equal opportunity nonsense"; an attitude that denies any responsibility for correcting the effects of this nation's past inhumanities and that refuses to acknowledge the existence of racial oppression today.

Part of the problem is that there has been very little informed and enlightened public discussion of the issues. But the opposition to affirmative action is rooted, I think, in the fear of many former allies in the civil rights struggle that they will be hurt by this version of equal opportunity for minorities. Access to the many benefits of professional status has always been hard to come by, but nowadays one feels lucky just to have a paying job. When it is your own job or promotion that may be at stake, or your own son's or daughter's chance to get into a good college or go to medical school, it's difficult to make dispassionate decisions in the best interests of society.

In the final analysis, the result of the *Bakke* case and the

members. In adopting that argument, the department acted against the advice of numerous agencies of the executive branch. Fearing that a victory for Bakke might decimate their own affirmative action programs, the agencies urged support of the University of California's position.

Civil rights groups are especially angry because the Justice Department took its stance after consultation with the White House. For example, at least some members of the Congressional Black Caucus made it clear that they view the department's action as a sellout of minorities whose support was crucial to Jimmy Carter's election.

A glimpse into the politics of Carter's decision comes from the experience of one cabinet member who attempted to get the administration to support the university's position. On March 18 of this year, Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare Joseph Califano told a *New York Times* interviewer that his personal experience indicated that affirmative action was a successful tool for bringing qualified minority persons and women into government, private employment, and the schools that qualify people for such work. The following week, President Carter was barraged with letters from 44 nationally known educators, including Sidney Hook, Nathan Glazer, and Bruno Bettelheim. On April 1 Califano recanted, claiming error in advocating the use of quotas.

Groups that, like Califano's critics, believe Allan Bakke was discriminated against because he is white have filed fewer briefs than have supporters of affirmative action. But their political clout can no more be ignored by the Court than by the Chief Executive. They include the American Federation of Teachers, the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, the Fraternal Order of Police, Young Americans for Freedom, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, the American Subcontractors Association, and the American Jewish Committee (AJC). These organizations describe different issues as being central to *Bakke*, but their convictions are just as vehemently stated.

The flood of amicus briefs has come as an attempt to help the Court sort out this most complex and emotional of American dilemmas—but they are proof also of the continuing virulence of racial separation. Some of the Court's "friends" believe that the *Bakke* trial was so poorly conducted that evidence and information must now be provided by other parties. Some have read polls indicating widespread public misunderstanding or opposition to affirmative action and feel they must counteract this. Many follow the traditional motivation for amicus briefs: that the Court must be made aware of the intensity of feelings in the country and the consequences of the pending decision.

Many groups offer their own experience in dealing with these issues. As a general counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) put it, "The Court may see some merit in the fact that with sixty years experience representing the cause of civil liberties, the ACLU has come to the conclusion that Allan Bakke's civil liberties were not infringed." A large number of briefs from representatives of professions and unions argue that if Bakke finally wins, the decision will end affirmative action and give legal sanction to socially enforced separatism. The prestigious Association of American Law Schools states, for example, that if professional schools "must forgo any consideration of race in making admissions decisions, [it] would result in substantially all-white law schools."

Others deny the possibility of "benign" or corrective racial classifications and see the issue as one of racial quotas, raising fears of minority groups, such as Jews, who had traditionally been excluded or limited at universities and in the professions. A brief filed by the AJC and other ethnic organizations claims that if race rather than economic or educational disadvantage is used in affirmative action decision-making, the result will be "a sacrifice of the basic principles of racial equality for expediency and short-term advantage."

The 1954 *Brown* decision on segregated schools legitimized a moral position on racial equality that fueled the civil rights movement until the late 1960s. Many activists in the continuing civil rights struggle fear that their somewhat less involved but nonetheless crucial supporters may become demoralized if the Supreme Court legitimizes the idea that the struggle's most useful tool amounts to reverse discrimination. These people and others believe that the Court must consider this issue of moral symbolism along with the legal arguments and social science data on both sides.

In order to maximize public acceptance of its decision, the Warren Court put off the *Brown* case until a unanimous opinion could be handed down. The present Court faces the same necessity for defusing racial antagonisms. In considering *Bakke*, it must find a path of fairness for the elimination of racial exclusion. Moreover, it must lay out this path in such a way as to defuse the antagonisms that have built up over the issues *Bakke* represents. Otherwise, emotions are bound to erupt in any of a dozen ugly ways that have characterized the history of racism in America. With problems like these, the Court needs all the "friends" it can get. ◉

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"Immediately following the California decision, that state's Fair Employment Practices Commission was deluged by calls from private businesses, all hoping that the Bakke verdict gave them license to kill fledgling affirmative action programs."

chances for American minorities to achieve true equality in the foreseeable future will turn on just how much privilege white America is willing to relinquish in exchange for racial parity. Despite the grand strides we have made during the past two decades toward eradication of inequality, a disproportionate number of black, brown, yellow, and red people in this country continue to belong to an underclass. And there they will remain until people in higher classes are willing to give them room. When all is said and done, each of the nine Justices will be choosing not so much between Bakke and the university as between ensuring equality for minorities and protecting the privileges of the majority.

Though damaging, a decision for Bakke need not be totally disastrous; given that sorry eventuality, civil rights groups should by no means cease their efforts. Some of the amicus briefs already submitted—even some that side with Bakke—contend that only those admissions policies requiring outright quotas are unconstitutional; those that give preference to underprivileged races, they hold, are not only legal but desirable.

Nevertheless, the omens cannot be considered propitious. While it is probably true that a narrow decision would allow a technical distinction to be made between the admissions policy at Davis and more carefully worded affirmative action programs, it must be remembered that the Court cannot always control the manner in which its decisions are interpreted and implemented. Two decades of struggle to implement the "all deliberate speed" of the *Brown* decision starkly testify to the need for the Court to be definitive in the face of strong public opposition.

Public response to the California decision, some civil rights groups add, may also serve as a harbinger should the U.S. Supreme Court rule in Bakke's favor. Immediately following the state's decision, California's Fair Employment Practices Commission was deluged by calls from private businesses, all hoping that the Bakke verdict gave them license to kill their fledgling affirmative action programs. If Bakke wins on the federal level, even institutions genuinely committed to affirmative action may be hesitant to adopt programs that could subject them to legal liability. The University of California has flatly stated, for example, that it will not adopt an admissions program that is simply a subterfuge for considering race. Numerous professional schools and colleges have indicated in amicus briefs that an upholding of the California opinion will mark the end of all but token integration of their campuses.

Now that the case is in the United States Supreme Court, the University of California has retained the most talented and experienced of outside counsel to defend its position. A prestigious San Francisco law firm and several Berkeley law professors have been involved in the preparation of the university's brief, and none other than Harvard law professor and former special prosecutor Archibald Cox has been retained to present oral argument before the Court. Why the university is retaining such well-known counsel only at this late stage is perhaps a classic example of "too little, too late."

The university's initial handling of the defense of the Davis admissions program left much to be desired. Many members of California's minority community believe that the university set the case up to rid itself of a program it never wanted. They point to the fact that special admissions programs were begun only after the substantial political pressure and urban unrest of the mid-Sixties. The charges of collusion are not entirely unwarranted, and the best that can be said for the university's legal efforts in the trial court is that they were lackadaisical.

Bakke was encouraged to file the suit, it has been discovered, by an admissions official at Davis who provided names of attorneys who might be helpful, shared his own thoughts on the best strategy, and even leaked information concerning the academic performance of students admitted under the special program. That behavior set the mold for events to follow. University counsel approached the trial of the case in an almost perfunctory fashion. They agreed with Bakke's counsel to try the case without oral testimony —the direct result being that the all-important trial court record is completely lacking in the kind of evidence crucial to framing a proper appellate level argument. No expert testimony describes the purposes of the program or explains why traditional criteria are inadequate to judge the true potential of minority candidates. No statistics demonstrate the compelling need for doctors in California's minority communities or show that the number of minority doctors cannot be increased if traditional admissions standards continue to be applied to disadvantaged students.

Nor did the university question the very assertion that Bakke was indeed "better qualified" than the minority applicants who were accepted. Had the university not agreed to this unsupportable assumption, Bakke would never even have had a case. Worst of all, university lawyers made no mention of the dean's special admissions program, under which white children of politically well-connected university supporters or substantial financial contributors have been admitted in spite of being less qualified than other applicants, including Bakke.

Another glaring inadequacy in the record is that past discrimination against minorities by the university is wholly disregarded. This omission is particularly damaging because the Supreme Court has created a special exception to the rule that race may not be a consideration in any government policy. In school desegregation, employment, and housing cases, the Court has held that where past discrimination or purposeful segregation on the part of the defendant has been proven, race may be taken into account in order to remedy the situation.

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"Just as a woman may be better qualified to become an effective gynecologist, so is the person who has experienced a lifetime of racial discrimination better qualified to solve the problems of people in similar circumstances."

Only a severe case of myopia could prevent one from seeing rampant racial discrimination in the University of California's history. Between 1866 and World War II, there was only one black graduate from the university's medical school in San Francisco. Blacks were once not even allowed to live on the Davis campus.

The California supreme court, in a brilliant display of judicial sleight of hand, was able to evade this issue because no evidence of past discrimination against minorities was cited in the trial record of the lower court. Nonetheless, it refused a subsequent request by the California branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to allow the case to be sent back to trial so that the evidence could be presented and put on record.

The California court even failed to note its own findings in other cases involving racial discrimination by the state's educational system. In numerous desegregation and bilingual education cases, the state supreme court has held that the state unconstitutionally deprived minorities of an equal education. It is difficult to understand how the state, having handicapped minority students at an earlier point in their education, can legally disclaim responsibility for their difficulties at a later juncture in their schooling.

The university's brief for the U.S. Supreme Court makes this reasoning quite clear. It points out that most of the applicants to medical school in 1974 entered elementary school in 1954, when the Court held segregated schooling illegal. In the words of the brief, these students received "the promise and not the actuality of *Brown*." It remains to be seen whether the Supreme Court, like the California court, will use a poor trial record to defer the promise of *Brown*.

There is no doubt that Mr. Cox's legal skills, commitment to the case, and integrity are unimpeachable. The brief filed by the university in the U.S. Supreme Court is forcefully written, and it documents a great deal of the evidence not presented at trial. But the rules for cases on appeal allow the Court to ignore evidence that is not on the trial court record. Mr. Cox will be forced to argue from a record which gives him little to work with.

The issues that have been ignored by the California courts and the parties to the case are being further buried by an avalanche of erroneous assumptions reported by the media. The measure of the magnitude of this avalanche is evident in a recent *New York Times* headline: "83% in Poll Oppose Reverse Bias Plans—Ability Rather than Preferential Treatment Favored on Hiring and Admission to College." It is worthwhile to consider the underlying misunderstandings that led to the results of the Gallup poll on which the *Times* article was based.

Opponents of affirmative action argue that special admissions programs constitute "reverse discrimination." They say that if the Constitution prohibits exclusion of blacks and other minorities on racial grounds, it cannot permit the exclusion of whites on racial grounds. Special admissions programs, they argue, destroy the right to be judged on individual merit and violate the constitutional guarantee of equal protection.

Supporters of these programs, on the other hand, contend that racial discrimination has deprived minorities of educational and employment opportunities for generations. The "reparations" or "preferential treatment" argument holds that minorities should be "preferred" because the only way to remedy inherited disadvantage is to transfer some opportunity from the advantaged majority to the injured minority.

Both of these positions—whatever their merit as abstract principles of justice—miss the point of the *Bakke* case entirely. Moreover, they have uncovered an inherent racism among opponents as well as among many supporters of affirmative action.

The opinion of the California supreme court begins by pondering "whether a special admissions program which benefits disadvantaged minority students who apply for admission . . . offends the constitutional rights of *better qualified* [emphasis added] applicants denied admission because they are not identified with a minority."

The court's opinion, then, is based on the unfounded assumption that Bakke and many of the other white applicants who were rejected are "better qualified" than the minority students who were admitted. This assumption implies that the minority students accepted through these programs are less qualified and are lowering the school's and the profession's standards.

What makes Bakke better qualified? The most simplistic answer to that question, the one that both the California court and the university find acceptable, is that his "bench mark score" (a number determined by combining scores on standardized tests, undergraduate grade point average, and an interview score) was higher than that of some of the minority students admitted. In fact, the answer is not nearly so simple.

Each year thousands of highly qualified students apply to the various University of California medical schools to fill a few hundred places. Obviously many of those turned away are capable of completing a medical degree and going on to practice medicine successfully. Medical students are among the most highly subsidized students in the nation, and the present economics of medical education make it impossible to provide an opportunity to everyone who is qualified. The real issue, then, is how this scarce resource should be allocated.

It was thought that "objective testing" would eliminate favoritism and ensure the highest level of technical competence. But there appears to be little correlation between applicants' test scores and their subsequent performance as

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"Will the Court be influenced by public cries of 'reverse discrimination,' ignoring the fact that the vestiges of slavery cannot be eliminated unless descendants of slaves are protected from institutionalized forms of racism?"

medical students. A study of 1,088 students in 14 classes at the University of California School of Medicine in San Francisco concluded that there is virtually no relationship between those scores and medical school grades. Standardized tests have often eliminated those persons who are most humane and empathetic. Other studies, moreover, have determined that high MCAT scores do not always accurately indicate which students will be most effective in clinical situations. Comparisons between students' test scores and their subsequent performance as physicians have yielded similar findings.

If test scores mean relatively little among otherwise qualified applicants, then the determining factors of acceptance must be based on the applicant's potential for fulfilling the goals of the school and society at large. Logically, minority applicants are probably better qualified to fulfill one of the most important of those goals: providing medical services to minority communities.

If minority admissions programs are characterized as giving the advantage to underqualified minority applicants because of their skin color, the programs do indeed seem to reek of "reverse discrimination." But try this description: "A certain number of capable minority students are admitted each year because their life experience as members of minorities in this country makes them better qualified than white applicants to meet the important university goal of training doctors to work in minority neighborhoods."

Bakke does not have an equal protection argument; he was excluded not because of the color of his skin, but because there were others who could do the job better. Just as the person who has a graduate degree in chemistry may be better qualified to fulfill the medical school's goal of producing a certain number of doctors to do medical research, just as a woman may be better qualified to become a sensitive and effective gynecologist, so is the person who has experienced a lifetime of racial discrimination better qualified to understand and solve the problems of people in similar circumstances. A black doctor in Oakland, for example, tells of making rounds with a white chief resident in an inner city hospital. The resident suggested that a black male patient showed signs of paranoia because he was wearing sunglasses in a dimly lighted room. The black doctor informed his senior colleague that the patient was not neurotic; he was simply hip.

In its most glaring failure to face reality, the California supreme court claimed that it is not necessary to produce minority doctors to serve minority communities. The court said, "The Purpose of the University . . . cannot be to produce Black (doctors) for Blacks, Polish (doctors) for Poles, Jewish (doctors) for Jews, Irish (doctors) for Irish. It would be to produce good (doctors) for Americans." A noble sentiment but an unrealistic one. For the most part white doctors will not work in minority communities, and many of those who do work there lack empathy with their patients or display paternalistic feelings that make it impossible for them to gain the trust necessary for a good doctor-patient relationship.

As the Supreme Court begins its deliberations on the *Bakke* case, it must make a choice. Will it confine itself to a wholly inadequate record and disregard the inadequacy of traditional standards, the past and present discrimination against minorities, and the need for more minority doctors? Will it be influenced by the public cries of "reverse discrimination," ignoring the fact that the vestiges of slavery cannot be eliminated unless the descendants of slaves are protected from institutionalized and subconscious forms of racism? Or will it cut through the convenient slogans and declare that since society has adopted a rational policy for healing its wounds and providing important health and welfare needs, the highest court in the land will not stand in its way?

The United State Supreme Court has always been a political institution. There is ample precedent and high-minded language to support both sides in this case. I am not overly sanguine about the outcome of the Bakke case. The public mood is against affirmative action, and the Burger Court has not always been sensitive to minority interests. Still, there is reason to hope that the Court will have the foresight to understand that no one's interest will be served if we continue to exist as two nations divided by color and opportunity.

EPILOGUE

When I was a kid, I took the bus to school. We had an informal rule that you boarded the bus in the order that you arrived at the bus stop. I suppose the rule was originally meant to keep big kids from bullying their way onto the bus first. Jimmy was a little boy who lived right next to the bus stop. It was very important to him that he be the first one on the bus. Each morning he'd get up very early and rush to dress and eat his breakfast so that he'd arrive before the rest of us. One day, after several years of this, some of us decided to change the rule. The new rule was that we would get on the bus in order of size, with the smallest kids getting on first. The bus had become crowded, and we thought the smallest kids most needed a seat. Jimmy was angry that he could no longer get a seat. He felt he had worked hard at learning how to be best in the old system and that the new rule was designed to cheat him out of his rightfully earned spot. He couldn't help it if he was now one of the bigger kids, he argued. Why should his size be used against him? I had a hard time taking Jimmy's arguments seriously. The new rule seemed to be what we needed for the time being. It didn't really hurt us big kids to stand during the ride to school. Besides, Jimmy had been sitting for a long time. ◉

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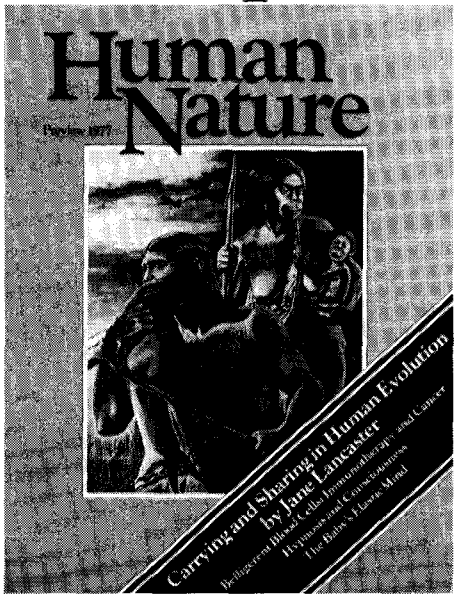

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INVASION OF THE AMERICAN HEARTLAND

A report on how and why foreign investors are gobbling up choice U.S. farms

by Christopher H. Stern

A NEW breed of tenant farmer in the United States opens his eyes as the sun rises on his part of the world. What he sees, whether he is in Arkansas, Texas, or California, are acres and acres of the earth's highest-yield farmland. What he cannot see is the German industrialist in Düsseldorf, the Roman Clergyman on Lake Como, or the aging Argentinian banker, one of whom owns the farm he is about to work.

Lehndorff Vermogens Vermattung, a Hamburg-based holding company, owns 14,000 acres of choice midwestern farmland. M. Thomas Lardner, Lehndorff's general manager in the United States, says that nonresident "alien" investors want American farms. "The enthusiasm of Europeans for American farms is unbelievable."

A few foreign acquisitions have received publicity: Prince Lichtenstein's 10,000-acre farm in Texas's Red River area; the Busonis' 12,000-acre Norris farm in Illinois; the Metternichs' 2,135 acres in Iowa; and the Japanese Kikamo farm in Wisconsin. However, viewed against the 340 million acres of American farmland, these purchases represent no more than a soybean in a bucket; but foreign investment in land is not limited to the acquisition of farmland. Overseas firms own 2 million acres of American forest land, hundreds of thousands of acres of coal and ranch lands, and a sizable amount of urban land. Farmland, however, is the property foreign investors are most interested in.

California is the hottest area of foreign investor activity. Amrex Corporation in San Francisco will sell $260 million worth of agricultural farms in 1977 to an assortment of Italians, Swiss, Belgians, West Germans, and Frenchmen. Says the corporation's exuberant president, Gerald Jackson, "Good farmland is selling as fast as it's available. More than eighty percent of agricultural buyers are nonresident foreigners. We get a hundred inquiries a day from interested foreigners, and right now one of the world's biggest banks and one of the biggest investment houses are standing by with fifty billion dollars of foreign capital to invest in farmland."

In New York City, Daniel Bodini, who speaks three languages, handles Eastdil Realty's foreign investors. Last year he sold 200,000 acres in the American West. This year he will sell more than twice that amount. But although other real estate companies and brokers also claim large sales to foreigners, the industry's consensus is that the big banks—particularly Northern Trust and Continental Illinois in Chicago—are doing the most spectacular business everywhere in the country.

"Foreign investors feel comfortable dealing with a bank," explains broker Davis Martin. "One hundred out of one hundred aliens who actually come looking for a U.S. farm begin by going to Northern Trust, and afterward eighty of them wander down the street to Continental." Though banks release no information, citing the fiduciary relationship they have with their clients, Northern Trust's 1976 annual report records 460,000 acres managed in 35 states. "Right now the banks couldn't be doing more farm business," says one successful Chicago broker, "and even if they've been in the business for twenty years, you can bet the overwhelming majority of their holdings are foreign because domestic owners have many better ways to manage their farms."

Davis Martin has good reason not to disparage the banks. In the Arkansas and Missouri river bottoms and in the Mississippi delta, he has handled 30 transactions worth $12 million. A competitor, Oppenheimer Industries, which sold $60 million in farms from 1974 through 1976 and will do $40 million in 1977 alone, has handled 15 to 20 farms in that region. "Foreign owners weren't too familiar with our tem-

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perate climate at first," drawls slow-talking, fast-closing broker Vardeman Moore, of Mississippi, "but they're warming to it real fast. There's a virtual land rush down here."

Foreign interest is also high in southwestern and midwestern states, but there are simply not enough large quality farms being put on the market. Henry S. Miller and Company and Interstable of Dallas each sold 15,000 acres to foreigners in 1975 and 1976. This year, they say that due to the lack of big farms they have made no sales. A few farms remain available, and foreign investors are snatching those up. Broker Fred Smith has handled 20,000 acres in the Red River area, and two-thirds of his business comes from foreign investors. San Antonio's Pleaz Naylor knows of 75,000 acres bought by foreigners in northwest Texas, but he agrees there are "a lotta lookers and little land." Complains one exasperated Chicago banker, "We can't begin to locate enough properties to please our foreign investors."

"Foreigners want to salt away a place for themselves and their children and grandchildren because they fear Communism and consider America the strongest remaining bastion of free enterprise."

There are many reasons why foreign investors are buying American farms. "My clients are old rich families, disenchanted, nervous, or just scared out of their minds," notes Reed Oppenheimer of Oppenheimer Industries. "Many of them have had land in their families for a thousand years. They say, 'When Napoleon came, when the Prussians came, when the jewels were sold, we survived as a family because of the land.' " Brokers concur that foreigners want to salt away a place for themselves and their children and grandchildren because they fear Communism and consider America the strongest remaining bastion of free enterprise.

In a report to Congress, John Timmons, a professor of economics at Iowa State University, and Charles Curtiss, Distinguished Professor of Agriculture there, outlined the complex of incentives that are drawing foreign investors to U.S. farmland. They cited the hedge against inflation provided by the relative stability of U.S. prices and farming costs; the hope that investments in U.S. land will offer a refuge against land reform and political disorders abroad; the expectations of capital appreciation due to skyrocketing land values (witness the steady 15 to 35 percent annual rises since 1972); the tax advantages and natural advantages (access to food, materials, and farming technology) of investing in U.S. land; the fact that in terms of income and of capital appreciation, U.S. land safely balances investment portfolios; and the idea that—beyond the satisfaction, prestige, and psychic value of owning farmland in the United States—such investment may give them control of strategic resources and provide them with a base of economic and political power within the country.

Though the incentives are well-known and heavy investment is apparent, scant information exists as to the magnitude or locations of foreign ownership. This is because land-related public records, traditionally kept at the county level, are not a practical device for disclosing who owns what and where. And since market advantage runs with secrecy, real estate people are unwilling to provide much information. By and large, brokers deal and do not tell. For example, Michael Hirsch, vice-president of Amnivest Corporation in New York City, admitted he had sold 25,000 acres of farmland to foreign investors—but quickly added that Amnivest was no longer interested in making farm acquisitions for aliens. Later, two independent brokers described being called in to Amnivest because "the company heads are extremely anxious to locate farms for foreign investors."

The foreign investors themselves insist on anonymity. Some risk prison penalties for taking large sums of money out of their countries. Others fear that being publicly identified as persons of great wealth will make them targets for criminals and political zealots. A West Coast broker told of visiting an elite Spanish hunting club where the men had hunted together for 15 years—"yet not one of them knew that each of the others was my client. They just don't talk about it."

Silent purchases are facilitated by institutionalized investment vehicles. Much of the foreign money passes through either Credit Swisse or Deutsche Bank; through Bermuda, Bahamas, or Netherlands Antilles corporations if the source is Latin-American or European; or, if the source is Asian, through Hong Kong or Taiwan corporations. The American financial intermediaries used most often are Continental Illinois and Northern Trust. Transactions are rarely conducted principal to principal. In one deal for a 2,500-acre Kansas farm, an unnamed West German investor contacted a Canadian realty firm, which contacted a Wyoming broker, who contacted a Chicago bank, which employed a statewide Kansas broker, who in turn found a local broker. As Tom Martin, president of the Anchor Mutual Investment Fund, says of the tangle of intermediaries, "Ten years ago a guy sitting in Frankfurt would've had trouble making a buy in total secrecy. Now it's a snap of the fingers."

American reaction to the unmonitored alien ownership of U.S. farmland varies. Businessmen stress the absolute prerogative of the free market economy. They point to the significance of creating a truly international world economic order, of maintaining an international cash flow, and of the tremendous value of American land investments abroad. "The internationalization of the world is as inevitable as it is necessary," intones broker Philip Dub, "and capital is the blood of the world's body, so it has to flow freely."

The real estate brokers argue that the hostile reaction of many farmers is xenophobic or, more bluntly, racist. After all, they note, a mere 3 percent of American farms change hands each year, and farmer-to-farmer sales account for 80 percent of all transactions. At this rate, how can foreigners ever own more than a sprinkling of American farms?

Farmers reply that foreign investors have collided head on with them and with their farming communities. In the first place, they say, the unlimited capital resources of alien investors have been pitted against the farmer's instinct for expansion in what amounts to an unfair dollar dogfight. "I waited thirty-five years for my neighbor to die so I could buy his farm," says Iowa farmer Mike Denis. "When he did, it cost me an arm, a leg, and the shirt off my back."

The combined effect of this expansionist instinct and of agricultural technology has transformed the basic unit of rural communities from the small family-owned farm into the large family-owned farm. Today's corn and soybean

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Unfair foreign competition takes jobs from American steelworkers

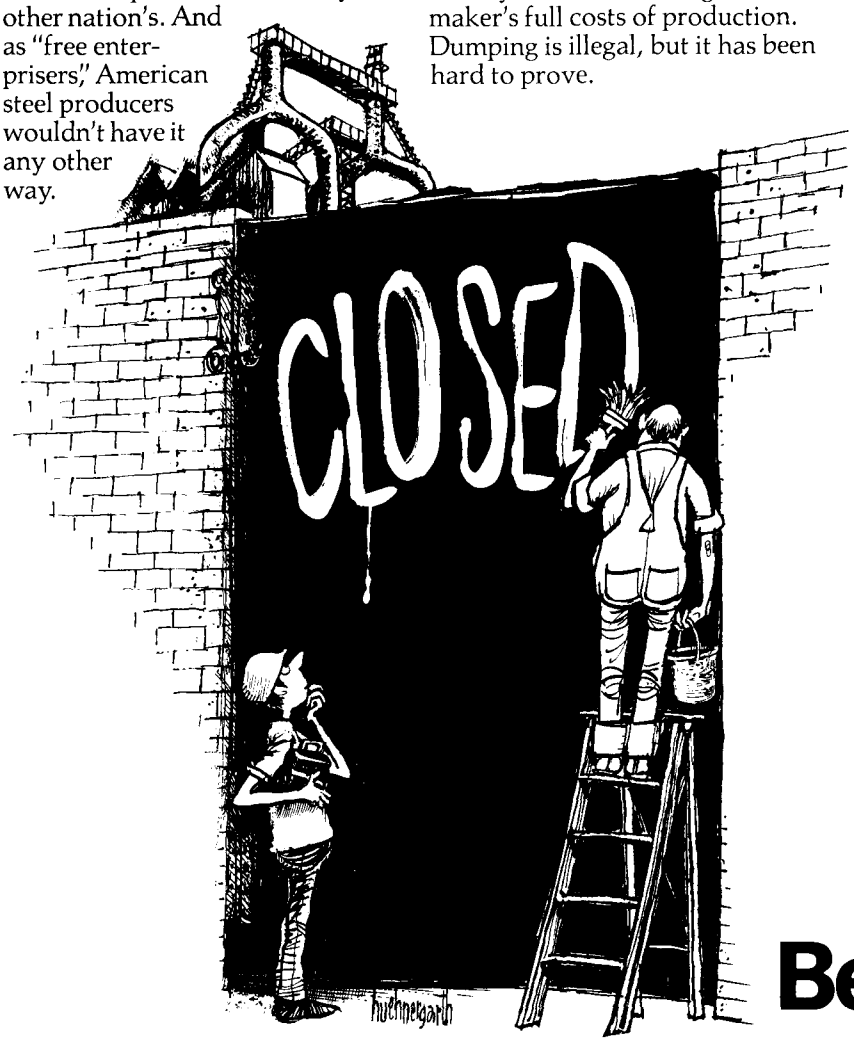
Last year, foreign steelmakers shipped 14.3 million tons of steel to our shores. That's more steel than *we* shipped that year—and we're this country's second largest steelmaker! It's equivalent to about 70,000 steelworking jobs. And all of that imported steel could have been made in America—by American labor. With our unemployment rate pushing 7%, why wasn't it?

America believes in free trade, that's why. Our import doors are open wider than any other nation's. And as "free enterprisers," American steel producers wouldn't have it any other way.

We also believe in fair trade. Most foreign steel companies are either owned, subsidized, financed, aided, and/or protected in one way or another by their governments. They don't have the same pressure we do to operate profitably or generate capital.

Unfair competition

We believe that much of the steel imported into the U.S. is being "dumped"—that is, sold at prices lower than those charged in the producer's own country, and usually below that foreign steelmaker's full costs of production. Dumping is illegal, but it has been hard to prove.



Imported steel means exported jobs

During periods of slack demand at home, foreign steelmakers push to maintain high production rates and high employment. Result: a worldwide glut of steel...much of it exported to America, priced to sell...thousands of American steelworkers laid off or working short hours.

Needed: fair rules

Bethlehem and the American steel industry are *not* "protectionist." We are *not* looking for permanent trade barriers against foreign steel coming into our home markets. But we *do* believe steel producers the world over should follow fair trading practices. All we're asking is a chance to compete on fair and equal terms here in our own country.

Washington must help

We urge the U.S. Government to insist on fair trading practices in steel, especially that steel imports be priced to at least cover their full costs of production and sale...to arrange for prompt temporary relief from the current excessive flow of steel imports... and to press for international governmental negotiations leading to an effective international agreement on steel trade.

If you agree with us about the seriousness of this problem, please write your representatives in Washington and tell them so.

A free folder..."Foreign Steel: Unfair Competition?"...explains our answer to that question. Write: Public Affairs Dept., Rm. 476 MT, Bethlehem Steel Corp., Bethlehem, PA 18016.

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operator, for instance, works an average of 1,000 acres, twice as much as he could cultivate 10 years ago. Farmers are very sensitive to the decline in the number of farms (from 4 million in 1960 to 2.8 million in 1976) and to the decrease in the farm population (from 15.6 million in 1960 to 8.9 million in 1975), for they fear a concentration of ownership. Ten years ago, the size of an average farm was 210 acres; in 1977 it is 310 acres. Any investor, therefore, who threatens to further concentrate farm ownership is naturally viewed with hostility.

Foreign investors not only concentrate farm ownership but operation as well. Once a foreigner purchases a farm, an independent management service—Doane's of St. Louis, Oppenheimer's of Kansas City—or a farming subsidiary of a bank is hired. These managers then employ area farmers who, because they are already farming large land tracts, possess sophisticated farming techniques and expensive equipment. In the event that an alien's acquisition lies in a newly developed area where large-scale farming has not been practiced, an experienced farmer from a different county or state is brought in.

"In a few decades of harvesting, foreign investment in U.S. farmland could eclipse American ownership. Then the nation's single greatest source of power would pass from the hands of American citizens."

Local farmers are angered by the fact that absentee foreign owners are not civic-minded. Virginia farmer Ace Rudder notes that "foreigners force out people who were on the bank board and church board. These people supported local businesses while foreigners buy cheap from big dealers. In fact, the only small business growing around here is the farm brokers. And foreigners don't practice conservation 'cause it's money they have to spend, and when it's not your living, people have short arms and deep pockets."

As to the charge of farmer racism, Harold Dodd, president of the Illinois Farmers Union, replies, "We are not against the foreign investor per se; we are against any large outside nonagricultural interests owning farmland. The biggest contributory factor to our being able to outproduce any country in the world [on the average, an American farmer feeds 57 people; a Soviet farmer feeds 7] is the structure of the family farming system, which has been a hallmark of our country since its inception."

Indeed, according to the U.S. Department of Agriculture, young families have been returning to the farm in sizable numbers. In the period from 1970 through 1975, the number of persons between the ages of sixteen and thirty-four who were self-employed in agriculture increased by about one-third over the preceding five-year period. Older farmers hope these young people will foster the regeneration of the smaller family farm, but they worry that the unlimited resources of foreigners will make it impossible for young farmers to buy quality farmland at reasonable prices.

Politicians regard foreign interest in U.S. farmland in terms of politics at home and of America's position in the world. "To date," says Iowa congressman James Leach, "statistics indicate foreigners probably do not own incredible quantities of American farmland, but the trend pointing violently in that direction potentially endangers our nation." There is a general feeling that the emergence of an international economic order might promise greater world peace and prosperity, but as long as nations regard one another with the evil eye of self-interest, each—including the United States—had better guard its precious resources.

The "politics of food," aggravated by a desperate world land shortage, is destined to become a critical international issue. American agriculture provides a balance-of-payments cushion for domestic politics in the United States, as well as political leverage in international relations. The Soviet Union, Japan, and other industrial nations cannot reduce agricultural imports without drastically affecting their food supply and their political stability. Thanks to the supremacy of its agricultural sector, the United States can always curtail imports in the event of foreign exchange difficulties. More than its thermonuclear power, America's "agripower" makes it a desirable ally and a force in the world.

Many states have statutes intended to prohibit or limit alien investment in farmland. At the federal level, there are three recently passed laws that are intended to facilitate the gathering of information about foreign investment. In the words of Senator Daniel Inouye (Dem.-Hawaii), "The lack of a national information base and of adequate data on agricultural land ownership have been recognized by the Congress. . . ." But as Washington tax lawyer Paul Toulouse comments wryly, "I can't see the ropes for the loopholes in any legislation concerning foreign land investment; it's just too easy to veil ownership with intermediaries, local trusts, or corporations."

It is not reassuring to hear lawmakers and others express concern about being blindfolded by a lack of information at a policy crossroads. As Economic Research Service economist Gene Wunderlich says, "Land has sufficiently unique qualities to require separate attention in direct investment policy. America has a right, an immediate and possibly urgent right, to know who owns the land."

This is especially true in view of several ominous portents. Brokers admit they are beginning to receive numerous inquiries from farmers who *want* to sell to foreign investors because these buyers pay 40 percent down and in fact prefer to make all-cash purchases. (One retired broker in Arizona, a state that strictly prohibits alien ownership, says he might play a little less golf so he can respond to the inquiries he is getting each week.) Many real estate companies formerly unequipped to handle foreign investors are now feverishly preparing to enter the market. One particularly troubling sign is that in the past six months Amrex's Gerald Jackson, among others, has noted the first feelers from Middle Eastern holders of petrochemical dollars seeking American farmland.

Even without new real estate brokers and an inflow of OPEC money, foreign interest in and acquisition of American farmland is like a luxury car accelerating powerfully and noiselessly. The incentives, the mechanisms, and the capacities for investment feed the momentum. In a few decades of harvesting, if no limit is assigned, foreign investment in U.S. farmland could eclipse American ownership. Then American agriculture, the nation's single greatest source of power, would pass from the hands of American citizens. ◉

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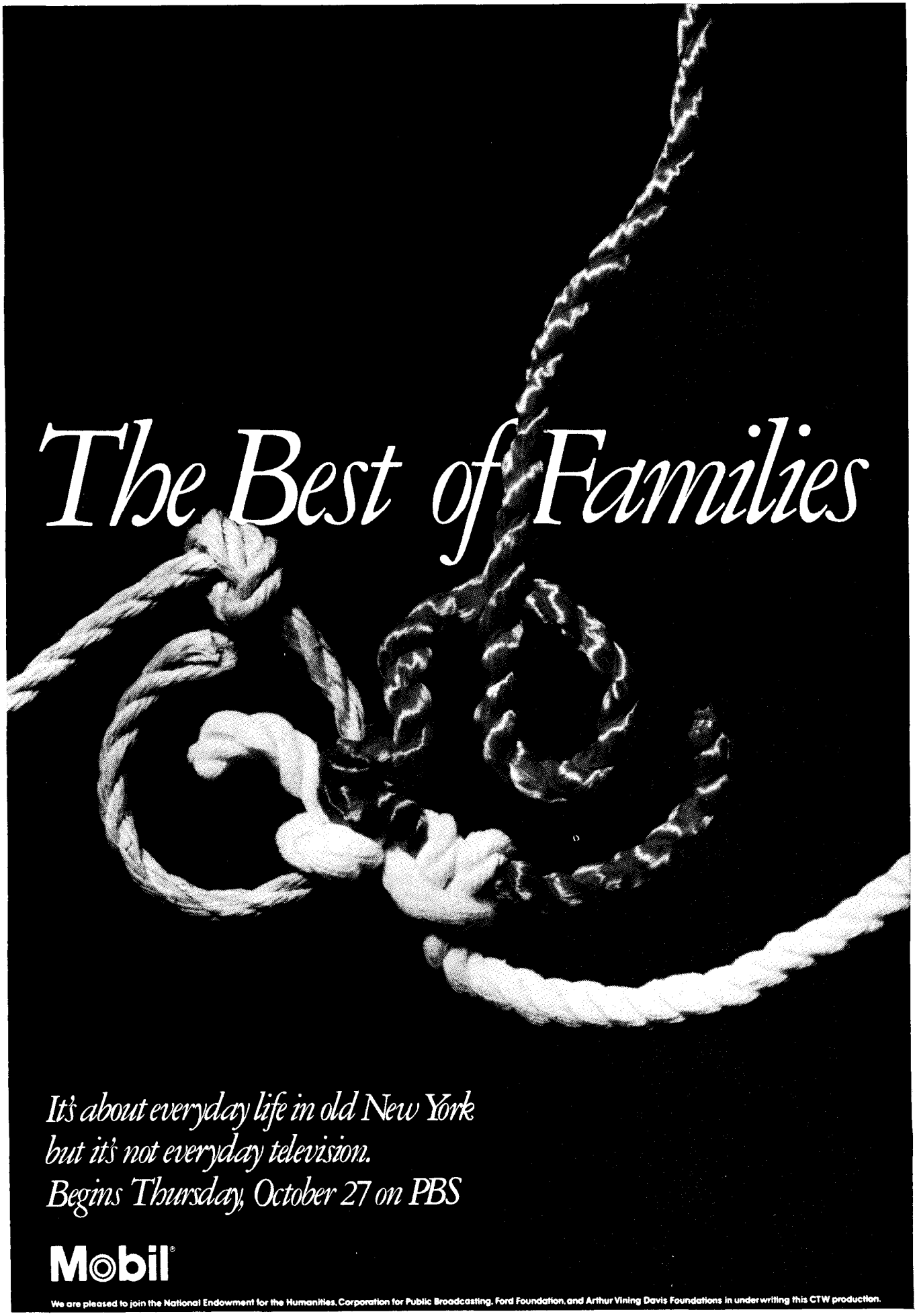
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Rebellious Elitist

Nancy Stahl

Rebecca West: A Celebration
Critical introduction by Samuel Hynes
Viking, 800 pp., $20

Reviewed by Martin Green

THIS book, nearly 800 pages of closely printed celebration, is the kind of overblown gesture with which literary establishments are likely to reward their favorites. Indeed, this is a bouquet of inflated blossoms, for Dame Rebecca West's own pages are always florid: the ideas of her stories and essays tend to swell up, and Samuel Hynes in his introductory essay is as orotund as a toastmaster. (He praises her literary criticism: "It is difficult to define in a word the peculiar note of authority that Rebecca West's criticism has, but perhaps the best term is episcopal.") All of this is a pity, for at least two of her books are to be admired, and one would like to join in a ceremony of praise for someone who has been active in the literary world as long as she has. But this ceremony has been so ill designed as to make ridiculous those who take part. A Westminster Abbey coronation—an establishment publisher garlanding an establishment writer, and *woman* writer—this, in 1977, is strictly a tourist trap.

A good biography of the lady would be much more worth reading, and let us hope that one is being written. We know that she was born into the Anglo-Irish squirearchy in 1892 and began acting and writing when very young. Having played the part of Rebecca West in Ibsen's *Rosmersholm*, she took that name for her professional work. At seventeen she reviewed Gorky's *Lower Depths* for the London *Evening Standard* and soon began to write for radical periodicals. In 1911 she joined the staff of *The Freewoman*, a feminist journal that her mother would not allow in the house. (But one guesses that she remained close to her mother and sisters —at least in her later fictions one meets affectionately drawn figures like them and discovers close bonds within exclusively feminine families.) She became a Fabian and had an affair with H. G. Wells, bearing him, in 1914, the son who became Anthony West, the critic. Her life, as well as her ideas, was radical.

Her book-writing career began in 1916 with a work on Henry James. She admired James and set out to emulate him and Proust in her own fiction. These were not very promising models for a self-professed radical writer, and in fact there is little in her fiction to remind one that she is, or was, a feminist or a radical. In her nonfiction she often names herself as such, but in a way that provokes distrust—since she seems to claim the title as an honorific. Thus in 1945 she wrote: "For over thirty years I have been upholding the principles of the French Revolution, and attacking all governments who seemed to me hostile to the political and economic freedom of the masses." (But in fact her images of the politically sinister—the traitors of World War II, for instance—are elitist; she shudders at the mean and envious proletarian, the culturally disinherited "little man," like another Edith Sitwell.) Her statement provokes our distrust not so much by its discrepancy as by its orotundity. Rebecca West tends to throw herself into rather Samson-like postures ("upholding the principles of the French Revolution") in many of her sentences. It is appropriate that Samuel Hynes should refer to her as Dame Rebecca; a name made up of a title awarded by Buckingham Palace and an appropriated nom de plume. As for Cicily Fairfield—the name she was given at birth—we don't hear much about her.

I mean that I miss the play of autobiographical curiosity, the self-questioning and self-doubt, that is an important ingredient of the sort of writing that she has practiced. Among women writers I know, she is closest to Mary McCarthy. This similarity shows itself in the early acting of both women, in their political journalism, their reports of famous trials, their

Martin Green is the author of Transatlantic Patterns *and, most recently, of* The Earth Again Redeemed, *his first science-fiction novel.*

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kind of fiction, and their kind of prose—clear, energetic, witty, rather overexcited. But I must say that I think Mary McCarthy a good deal the better writer—because of the play of autobiographical anxiety in her books, most notably in *Memories of a Catholic Girlhood*. The trouble with Rebecca West is that she has written no equivalent.

In a book of critical essays entitled *Strange Necessity* (1928), she called Wells, Shaw, Bennett, and Galsworthy "the uncles," and those warm personal relationships probably represent her advantages and disadvantages as a critic. She was personally liked and admired by such men. She is, we are told, a gifted conversationalist and an attractive woman—slender, dark-eyed, temperamental, witty, and humorous. But what she wrote was read as an emanation of that attractive personality rather than as a work to be judged on its own merit. Hugh Walpole ranked her book with Virginia Woolf's *Common Reader*, but time has worn away the plausibility of such a claim.

In 1930 Rebecca West married a rich banker, and in the late Thirties she and her husband bought Ibston Manor, near Oxford, said to have one of the loveliest views in England; and she, who had been notably untidy, became "one of the most smartly dressed women in London." During the war she supervised British broadcasts to Yugoslavia, and after it she attended the trials of traitors and war criminals in Nuremberg and London. Her reports—conservative in their political and moral tendencies, anti-Communist as well as anti-Nazi—were widely circulated, and official honors followed thick and fast. In recent years she has returned to fiction, publishing *The Birds Fall Down*, a historical novel about czarist Russia, in 1966; and she is still at work on *This Real Night*.

Rebecca West: A Celebration begins with fiction, as the author has said that if she had her time again, she would write nothing but fiction. That would not, however, be a good idea. *Return of a Soldier* (1918) is an example of the part of her work that should never have been reprinted. It is composed entirely of the fictional clichés of its time. The rich young squire has been shell-shocked into forgetting his wife and marriage, so that he is again in love with the girl he parted from long before the war, a girl of the lower classes, now married and much deteriorated. She, Margaret, is a noble soul, however, unlike his wife, pretty Kitty, who is hard and shallow; so Margaret nobly recalls Christopher to a sense of reality and fades out of his life again. He, the jeune premier, "was so wonderful when he was young; he possessed in great measure the loveliness of young men, which is like the loveliness of the spry foal or the sapling, but in him it was vexed into a serious and moving beauty." Surely that is enough. When the narrator goes to Margaret's deplorably suburban house, she notes some carpet slippers near the fireplace. "All her life long Margaret, who in her time had partaken of the inalienable dignity of a requited love, had lived with men who wore carpet slippers in the house." And this from a radical and feminist author.

In *Parthenope*, a novella published in 1959, there is a feminist idea buried at the bottom of the story, for the source of the woman's unhappiness is that her father married her mother for her silliness. He found that attractive, even though it verged on feebleness of mind; and when she bore him daughters with the same weakness, he married them off very young, though they were not fit to lead adult lives and were unhappy to leave home. As a fictional idea this has strong feminist resonances, but the author kills them by giving us *seven* daughters, all of whom wear identical dresses, each in a different pastel shade, and a plot whereby Parthenope, the strong-minded one, abducts her sisters one by one from their husbands—fabricating accidental deaths or suicides—and looks after them herself in a secluded French château. All this is told to the narrator by an aged uncle who as a boy spied on the sisters from his aunt's house next door, so it's as if the reader has had an elaborate What-the-Butler-Saw machine planted on his knees, and inside he spies seven identical pastel ladies, all playing nursery games in a Stately Homes setting. The reader's not going to get any feminist convictions out of that.

THE two books that deserve admiration are *St. Augustine* (1933) and *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon* (1941). In both, Rebecca West evokes a strong sense of her own immediate concerns, while describing something remote—in the first case, remote historically, in the second, geographically, for the book is about Yugoslavia. This more or less implicit reference takes the place of that autobiographical effort I earlier complained was missing; indeed, when Rebecca West contrasts Augustine with Ambrose, one can be reminded of Mary McCarthy contrasting Cicero with Catiline in *Memories of a Catholic Girlhood*.

Part of Augustine's immediate presence in the book comes from Rebecca West's sense of his Rome as a dying empire, like England in the Depression. But more comes from her association of him with Tolstoi, with whom she has a large quarrel. She uses Augustine as a stick with which to beat Tolstoi, and Tolstoi as a model to explain Augustine: "Each alike lived with barbarism at his back, on the fringe of a civilization which stood to him for a refinement and a self-possession which he at once hated and envied; and each was ashamed of his envy, because of his consciousness that the crude strength he drew from his barbaric soil was worth infinitely more than any refinement and self-possession." She is enthusiastic about both, in her own way. "Though Augustine was a saint and a genius and a most lovable child of earth, he was often not a gentleman. . . ." Her quarrel with the two of them brings her pages alive with the life that Mary McCarthy's and Susan Sontag's often have.

Black Lamb and Grey Falcon is a travel book, but also a book of ideas, and the themes emblematized in the title are quite serious. The black lamb she saw sacrificed to a sacred rock in gratitude for the birth of a child. "I knew this rock well. I had lived under the shadow of it all my life. All our Western thought is founded on this repulsive pretense that pain is the proper price of any good thing." She names Mozart as representing the opposite values—her values.

The grey falcon appears in a poem about the battle of Kossovo. It offers Czar Lazar a choice between an earthly kingdom, to be won by fighting the Turks, and a heavenly one. He chooses the latter, loses the battle, and is killed. Rebecca West associates him with the left-wing pacifists of her own day—people she had till then followed—and weeps in self-accusation. She decides that such people want to *be* right, but not to *do* right. "They feel no obligation to be part of the main tide of life, and if that meant any degree of pollution they would prefer to divert themselves from it and form a standing pool of purity. In fact, they want to receive the Eucharist, be beaten by the Turks, and then go to Heaven." She conjoins lamb and falcon and repudiates both in the name of normality and activism and war. She had gone to Yugoslavia in 1937, and the shadow of impending war hangs over the book.

Such ideas were not new then. She was making the same criticism of English pacifists as Orwell had made of English social-

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ists—that they lacked the Kipling virtues. But the experience of conversion is vividly rendered, and these passages may be called passionate. Of course they also announce a reentry into establishment normality, and that seems to be the shape of Rebecca West's career as a whole: a short initial rebellion, followed by a long series of richly rewarding returns. But some of those rewards are too rich by half, like the publication of this celebration. The last accolade may break the reputation's back. ◉

A Splice of Life

Biohazard
by Michael Rogers
Knopf, 256 pp., $8.95

The Ultimate Experiment: Man-Made Evolution
by Nicholas Wade
Walker, 162 pp., $8.95

Playing God: Genetic Engineering and the Manipulation of Life
by June Goodfield
Random, 218 pp., $8.95

Improving on Nature: The Brave New World of Genetic Engineering
by Robert Cooke
Quadrangle, 248 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by Joyce Milton

In 1974, eleven leading molecular biologists opened a new chapter in the history of American and, indeed, of international science by publishing a letter asking their colleagues to refrain for the time being from certain questionable experiments in the new field known as recombinant DNA research. As so often happens, the signatories to this letter appear not to have fully anticipated the impact of their action; and they have not always been in sympathy with the forces they set in motion. The call for a moratorium was motivated by a specific concern that the new technique, in which enzymes are used to splice together segments of the basic genetic material DNA (typically inserting genes from higher organisms into simpler forms such as plasmids), might be used for "indiscriminant" and poorly safeguarded experiments with such potentially dangerous materials as tumor viruses and pathogens. The letter also drew attention to unresolved questions about the conflict between freedom of inquiry and the scientific fraternity's responsibility for the safety of research done under its banner. As shock waves spread through the scientific community and into the press and the political arena, the debate widened to encompass fears about the health and environmental hazards of gene-splicing work in general. It also sparked awareness of the impending "genetic engineering" revolution and, ultimately, called for a new contract between science and society.

Some 140 molecular biologists met in February of 1975 at the Asilomar Conference Center in California to formulate a policy that would replace the moratorium. *Rolling Stone* reporter Michael Rogers was present among a handful of grudgingly welcomed journalists. The biologists needn't have worried about Rogers or his affiliation; though he has painted them warts and all—first in his coverage for *Rolling Stone* and now in *Biohazard*—Rogers's account is basically, and rightly, sympathetic to the personal dilemmas of a group that, having achieved a major technical breakthrough, took a detour into the unfamiliar field of self-regulation and discovered quicksand. Rogers, who commands an informal, penetrating style rare among science writers, also captures the first dramatic hints of trouble ahead, notably when the experts, exhausted from days of deliberations, are warned by a visiting lawyer that even in matters of science "it is the right of the public to act through the legislature and to make erroneous decisions."

Unfortunately, Rogers's narrative winds down just at the point where "the public" intrudes on the scene. Although Rogers recognizes the public's concern as right and inevitable and emphasizes the need for an end to our "technical illiteracy," his empathy with the inner circle of experts does not allow him to be fully objective about their critics, whom he can't help seeing as either freakish or, if demonstrably serious, somehow irrelevant. Even if one disagrees with Rogers on this score, his willingness to be a bit opinionated is refreshing. If there is one overall fault of the four books at hand, it is that the authors strain so hard to be "responsible" that they hedge every statement, reminding one of Thurber's maxim that sometimes "it is better to fall flat on your face than to bend over too far backward."

Having followed Nicholas Wade's ongoing reports on the recombinant DNA controversy in *Science*, I had hoped for something more expansive than the terse, impersonal summation he provides in *The Ultimate Experiment: Man-Made Evolution*. Wade is impressive nevertheless. He often gives us the details of incidents Rogers only alludes to, such as the one in which a younger scientist who was attempting to place restrictions on the use of a potentially dangerous virus he had invented was threatened by a Nobel Prize winner for doing so. Wade also gives us the most rigorous review of the technical arguments for and against the use of strains of *E. coli*, a bacterium that inhabits the human intestinal tract, as a "host" organism for spliced genes. Although many scientists have withdrawn their reservations about the use of *E. coli* in the wake of the invention of a new "disarmed" strain, Wade, who admits that gene splicing is most probably "a beneficent and gentle technology," concludes nevertheless that *E. coli* is the "worst possible choice as the host for gene-splicing research." One of the minor ironies of the occasion is that the reporter from *Science*, incidentally the only author of the four to footnote his arguments, appears to be more troubled by the social and ethical implications of the research than his colleague from *Rolling Stone*.

June Goodfield, wrestling with her own emotional reactions to the issue in *Playing God: Genetic Engineering and the Manipulation of Life*, gives us a personal perspective that is missing elsewhere. Like Wade, she is not prepared to advocate the drastic step of closing off an avenue of basic research, yet she is even less comfortable than he with the prospects of clonal man and rampant tinkering with the evolutionary process. Goodfield pushes the debate into productive new territory. For example, she compares the British approach to research policy-making with that in America, where scientists are wont to regard the National Institutes of Health as a generous but fickle and, as one researcher told her, "infantile" patron. Other illuminating side trips include a discussion with Carl Merril, initiator of a controversial first step toward human genetic surgery, and Goodfield's observations on how she was routinely able to walk past "BIOHAZARD" and "NO ADMITTANCE" signs in the labs she visited.

War against genetic disease . . . the prospects for creating nitrogen-fixing grain crops . . . the current use of microbes

Continued on page 30

Joyce Milton has worked with the Coalition for Responsible Genetic Research and is now writing a book about the politics of recombinant DNA.

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The Speidel story makes a point about something even more varied than watchbands.

Almost everyone needs some kind of watchband, but it may surprise you that one company can offer more than 200 kinds and still keep adding new ones all the time. The sales of the Speidel Division of Textron prove that's a sound marketing approach. They also show that people have an appetite for variety which would be hard to satisfy under any other economic system.

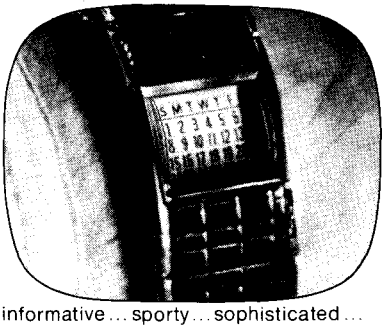
Stories like this make an effective case for private enterprise, as an initial survey of viewer reactions to Textron's current television campaign shows. Comments on the advertising, which includes commercials about several other divisions of Textron, were overwhelmingly favorable. 93% of viewers with proven recall of the campaign said the commercials were informative. 96% found them believable. 84% thought corporations should do this kind of advertising.

Viewers had some nice things to say about Textron, too. Which goes to show that making a case for Business can be good business.

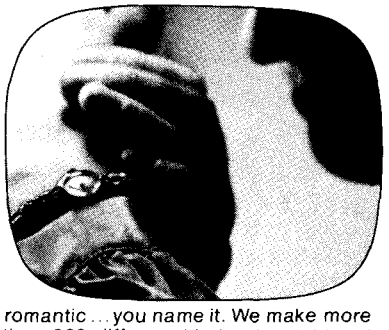
For more details on the research, and a copy of our Annual Report, write "Response," Dept. T., Textron, Providence, Rhode Island 02903.

This is all you really need to keep your watch on your wrist. And if it wasn't for competition,

it might be all you could get. As things are, you can choose a watchband because it's convenient...

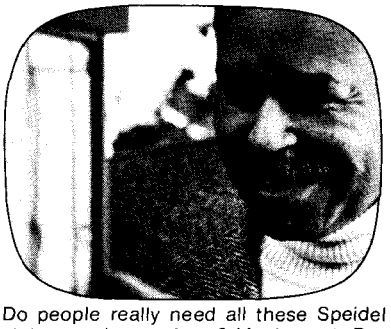


informative... sporty... sophisticated...

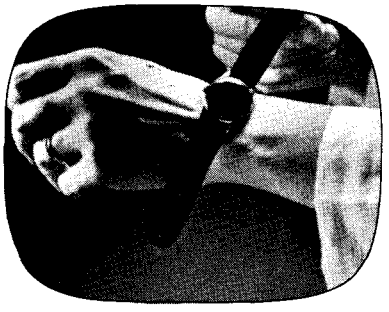


romantic... you name it. We make more than 200 different kinds of watchbands

at the Speidel Division of Textron, and our competitors make a lot, too.



Do people really need all these Speidel styles to choose from? Maybe not. But they do seem to want them. And freedom



to make things just because people want them is important. If you could only buy one kind of watchband, it would just make life a little duller.

But suppose you could only buy one kind of anything? Providing freedom of choice, that's what private enterprise is all about.

And that's what we do at every division of Textron.

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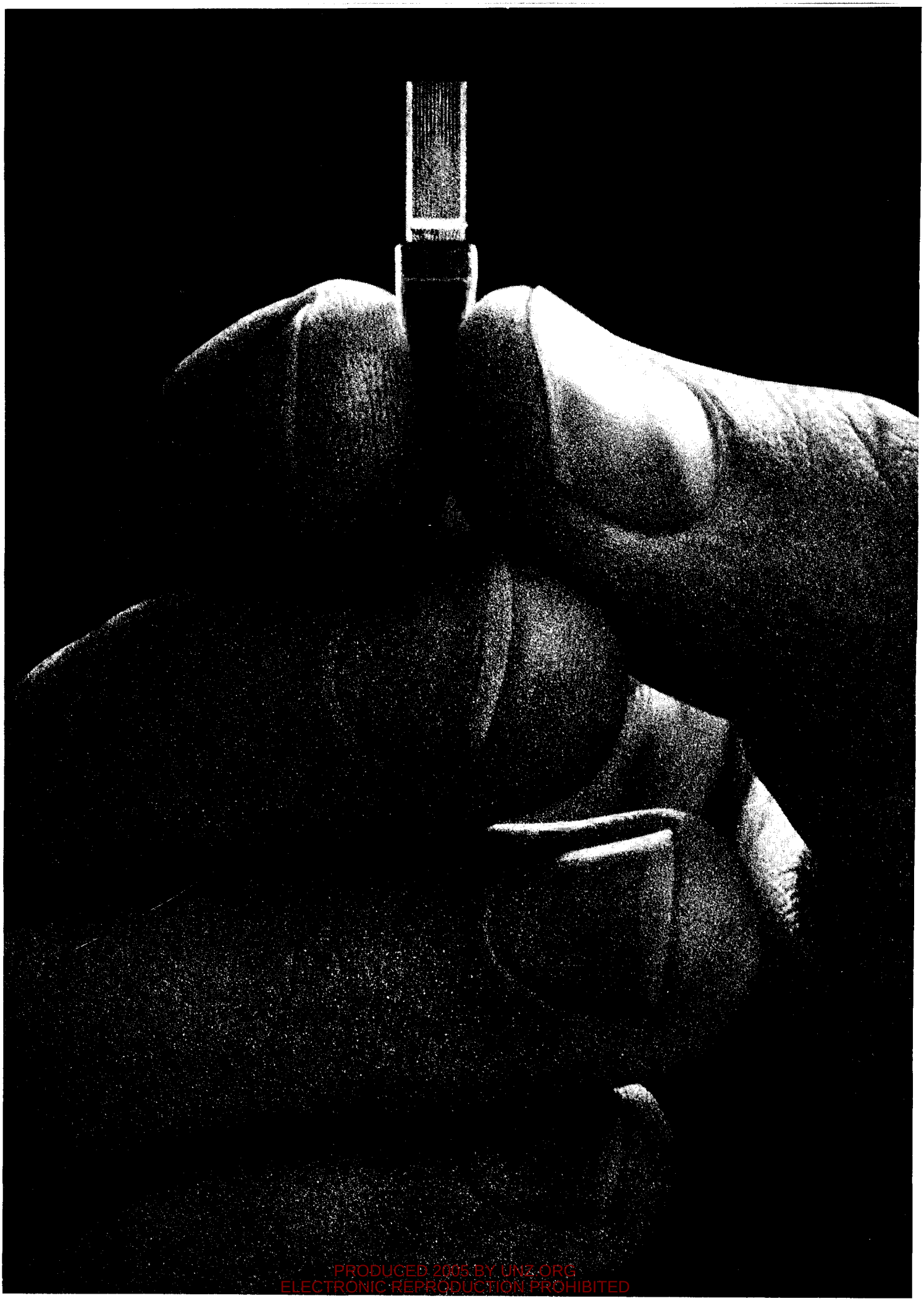

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The Chicago Connection.

With it, the phone system of tomorrow is in Chicago today.

A while ago, we told you lightwave communications was just around the corner. Today, it's in the streets of Chicago.

For the first time, the human voice, business data and even video signals are being carried by lightwaves traveling over hair-thin glass fibers. Instead of electric current traveling over copper wire.

But without that little link you see on the opposite page, lightwave communications for such a wide range of services might still be an experiment in a lab. And without Western Electric technology, the link might still be a design on a blueprint.

The link is an outgrowth of an idea from the people at Bell Labs. While they were putting the major components of the lightwave system together, they had to find a way to splice the glass fibers and get the light across the splice.

A Simple Idea

The idea they came up with was deceptively simple. A coupling device made up of tiny grooved chips, smaller than the tip of your finger, that would guide the ends of the hair-thin fibers and butt them up in perfect alignment.

There was only one hitch. Making one chip was easy. But there was no machinery that could mass produce all the identical chips that would be needed for a lightwave system like the one in Chicago.

Making Ideas Reality

That's where Western Electric comes in. Turning ideas into technological innovations is nothing new at Western Electric.

Over the years, Western Electric has piled up an impressive list of innovations that have become manufacturing standards.

It was the first company in the world to manufacture the transistor.

It was the first to put the laser to work as a useful production tool.

And it is the company that went beyond conventional machining techniques to make the chips for Chicago's lightwave system.

Each chip is pure silicon crystal. Its internal structure (a criss-cross arrangement of intersecting planes) provides a built-in blueprint for regularly spaced grooves. And because the crystal's diagonal planes etch faster than its perpendicular planes, uniform grooves can be chemically cut into the chip.

By combining the science of chemistry and the art of lithography, Western Electric's Engineering Research Center developed a way to etch 12 ultra-precise, perfectly shaped, identical V-grooves on each chip. With each groove no wider than a hair and separated only by a hair's breadth from its neighbors.

And, more importantly, they were able to reproduce these chips so that each one was a perfect double of the other.

Teamwork is the Key

The telecommunications revolution beginning in Chicago is another good example of how Western Electric and Bell Labs help put new technology into practical use for the Bell telephone companies, quickly and economically.

Their close relationship is an important reason why your telephone system is the most efficient and reliable communications system in the world. And it's a basic reason why innovations in technology are a common occurrence in the Bell System.

Western Electric

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Books *from page 26*

in processing copper-bearing ores. . . . Robert Cooke, in *Improving on Nature: The Brave New World of Genetic Engineering,* bombards us with facts and theories on the possible practical applications of the new genetics. Cooke's gee-whiz style occasionally runs out of control, but he raises many significant questions. Can the concentration of resources on curing rare genetic diseases be justified, Cooke wonders, in the face of the more pressing health problems of the Third World? The facts create their own momentum here: Did you know, for example, that MIT, under the U.S. Sea Grant program, has explored ways to make squid appeal to "fussy American palates" by turning it into a fast-food commodity? This alone is worth pages of theory on the direction of research policy.

All four of these books are worthy attempts to grapple with an explosive and still unfinished story. Many questions are raised; few are answered. In reading the books—and you'll want to read at least one of them—keep in mind that perhaps the only totally accurate prediction so far was made by the English geneticist Sydney Brenner when he told the Asilomar conferees that "you may well be overtaken by events which are out of your control." ◉

The Big Wink

The Book of Sand
by Jorge Luis Borges
Translated from the Spanish by Norman Thomas di Giovanni
E. P. Dutton, 128 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Stephen Koch

IN COMPANY with such eminences as Beckett, Solzhenitsyn, and (sadly, until only this summer) Nabokov, Jorge Luis Borges has achieved a place on everybody's list of the Greatest Living Writers that seems secure. The appearance of *The Book of Sand* (the most recent collection of his *ficciónes*) is certain to be greeted by a dutiful, universal, and very brief round of genteel applause. Understand that I have no particular objection to this state of affairs: Borges is on my list, too, and just as anyone would expect, this new book has great interest and great beauty. One doesn't review Borges. It's perhaps presumptuous even to recommend him.

For 10 years Borges has kept his eminence in the better reaches of Anglo-American received opinion with little serious controversy or challenge. His stories are very often about the convolutions of thinking itself, and he repeatedly tells us that he sees the world just as his mentors Schopenhauer and Bishop Berkeley saw it—as a solipsistic idea in the mind of the perceiver, an amazingly (but not always) consistent dream. Now this position is arguable, to put it mildly, and so is the elaborate complex of notions and attitudes Borges makes flow from it. But in the deferential chorus that surrounds Borges's work, they are never argued, never challenged, never even questioned, and one begins to suspect that the actual reason for the silence is indifference; that after all the oohs and ahs over Borges's ingenuity, his haunting elegance, his strangely sensuous intellectualism, many of his most fervent admirers don't take his work seriously.

The fact is that Borges is patronized in his eminence, which here in the Anglo-Saxon world is granted him in an altogether too decorative way. (Borges's influence and vitality in the Spanish-speaking world is a different matter and beyond question; but it is ironically true that this cosmopolitan, so inspired by English, should suffer in the Anglo-American context from being dépaysé.) Borges is not treated as an artist who conceives his work, however paradoxically or skeptically, in some vision of the truth. Instead, he's seen as an extremely high-class entertainer, a very fancy sleight-of-hand man. (Actually *too* fancy to be much fun.) With a fast flare of his scarlet-lined cape, he makes the world disappear. Well, we never believed in his "world" anyway; *we* know the only real point is the flare, the big wink he gives back to our titters and gasps. Or to change the image: he is seen as an exotic, but not very important, object of decor—like some exquisitely lacquered, unmappably compartmented Chinese chest, with all kinds of hidden-spring drawers for daggers, poison drops, and the like. Yet even that image misleads. For Borges is regarded as sui generis (which makes it easier to ignore his eccentric opinions about literature, ranking Robert Louis Stevenson and Chesterton, for example, higher than Dostoevski). And so even as a décorateur he becomes a dead end, his work a pure curiosity, magnificently and meaninglessly exquisite, like a Fabergé egg.

Now, quite obviously, there are elements in Borges's art that invite this treatment, however unfair. But to be fair, Borges is the polemicist's opposite: he doesn't want to convince us of anything except the grace of his art. And in that grace, the very notion of conviction vanishes into that higher skepticism that is the entire point of his aesthetics. (And his ethics, one might add.) It is as though that exalted skepticism, by transforming the very idea of an intellectual inquiry into a kind of vulgarism, a variety of tastelessness, compels belief.

This is perhaps too decorative a paradox, even for Borges.

Anyway, we admirers of Borges will find more to admire here. *The Book of Sand* contains another of his wonderful folkloristic tales of nineteenth-century lowlife around Buenos Aires, as well as several of the cerebral *ficciónes*, his ersatz scholarship, history, and bibliophilia in "The Sect of the Thirty" (vide Borges's earlier "Three Versions of Judas"), "Undr," and "The Book of Sand." Borges's current views on the secret politics of his solipsism are suggested in "The Congress." And there is, in "There Are More Things," a fine, spooky Borgesian mimicry, amounting to an assimilation, of H. P. Lovecraft—"a writer I have always considered an unconscious parodist of Poe." In "Utopia of a Tired Man," Borges visits the future. In "The Other," his past visits him.

I was particularly struck by "The Other," a story reminiscent of Henry James's final, self-encountering ghost stories. Resting on the banks of the Charles in Cambridge, the aging, half-blind Borges becomes aware of a fierce, energetic

Stephen Koch, author of Nightwatch *and* Stargazer: Andy Warhol's World & His Films, *is at work on a second novel.*

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 132

(Jean-François) Revel:
(The) Totalitarian Temptation

The contemporary free state is called upon . . . at once to intervene and to keep hands off. That is why wielding power subject to that conflict is so trying on those in public office. The strain is bound to shatter the mind of anyone who is not unconquerably stolid, or already demented.

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young man striding near him. It is his youthful self. Borges—the elder (real?) Borges—introduces himself; the two of them talk, almost argue, and their exchange is lovingly recorded. The smart, hopeful, unknown young Turk is most offended by this aging latitudinarian Great Writer who claims his name. The younger is a man (boy?) of the Left; the elder, a slightly sophistical man of the Right. The boy wants to close ranks with the avant-garde; the old man stands for an aesthetic traditionalism so absolute that it's a kind of individualism. Caricatures of one another, the two misunderstand each other; their views on life, art, and (it is hinted) love are very different. Of course Borges—the real Borges—wins the debate. But I for one found their exchange most interesting, and I can't help noting that the issues that bring it to life are precisely those absent in our examination of this extraordinary artist. ◉

Starving for Profit

The Famine Business
by Colin Tudge
St. Martin's Press, 160 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by
Shirley Abbott Tomkievicz

ACCORDING to Colin Tudge, an English editor and writer, the aim of agriculture in most of the world is to produce profit, not food. The tragic outcome of this situation is that poor nations try to imitate the technology of the rich countries and to compete with them on the world commodities market and then end up, as often as not, starving in the process. Thus famine is not the result of overpopulation or exhausted natural resources but is the logical consequence of the way food is grown and marketed.

The Famine Business points out such follies of mankind while pleading the case for an agricultural system that will try to produce, as efficiently as possible, the largest amounts of the foods on which traditional cuisines are based. *Rational agriculture*, as Tudge calls such a program, "will make the best use of the country's own land, while meeting the nutritional needs and gastronomic aspirations of its people." Nor do we need to condemn ourselves, or our poor neighbors, to algae cakes and soybean burgers, which are expensive folderol anyhow. We shall instead

Fertilizing: Its importance in creating superior wines.

Fertilizing the vineyard is a vital part in the art of growing premium wine grapes. It is not a simple operation.

Its Importance

A healthy grapevine can thrive for 80 years or more. In fact, the older its stock, generally the better its grapes.

During the vine's lifetime its nutritional requirements will change from its earliest years—when it is being trained to the desired form for grape growing—to its later years—as it gradually matures into an established vine.

Thus, any fertilizer program that is to be complete must take into consideration both the vine's long-term needs and its immediate requirements.

Different Needs

Fertilizing is not a simple operation. We know that even within a single vineyard, there are no homogeneous soils. Soil textures can range from fine or coarse sand, to a very fertile sandy loam.

These different soils require different fertilizers in different amounts to compensate for deficiencies. As a result, we have kept a precise history of all the fertilizing experiences in our vineyards over the past 30 years.

We know exactly when, how much, and what kind of fertilizer has been applied to each of our vineyards during that time.

We know the results of those applications—and how long the treatment lasted—down to small problem areas only a few yards square and even individual vines.

One of the methods we use to gauge these results is core sampling—the extraction of a cross-section of earth to be analyzed for nutrients—or the lack of them. Above, you see a renditon of our core sampler being used.

We take samples at various depths down to four feet from any part of the vineyard which may show abnormal vine growth or visual deficiencies for comparison with samples from normal areas. These soil samples are delivered to our winery for immediate analysis. They will be analyzed and compared for available nitrogen, pH, organic matter, and other important elements in order to determine the source of the problem and the type and quantity of fertilizer which is required.

Fertilizing As An Exact Science

There are two good reasons why we take so much care when it comes to fertilizing: under-fertilizing and over-fertilizing. Under-fertilizing greatly reduces vine growth and bud fruitfulness, whereas over-fertilizing can produce such exceptionally heavy leaf growth as to curtail bud fruitfulness and grape production.

These phenomena are the result of an imbalance of what is known as the carbohydrate-nitrogen level of the vine.

A high carbohydrate-moderate nitrogen level produces moderate vegetative growth, early wood maturity, abundant fruit bud formation and good fruit production.

This is what we look for in the Gallo Vineyards.

Petiole Analysis

In addition to normal soil analysis in our vineyards we also employ a test known as "petiole analysis."

The petiole is the stalk of a vine leaf. By taking a sample of it and analyzing it, we can determine the current nutritional status of the entire grapevine.

If we find that a particular area of one of our vineyards is weaker than the rest, we will immediately gather 200 or more petiole samples from that section—plus a like number from a healthier area of the same vineyard for comparison.

By analyzing the tissues of all these samples, we can readily and specifically determine if the weaker area has a deficiency of nitrogen, potassium, zinc, boron or some other vital mineral.

Our Solution

These are only a few of the many special steps we take in the Gallo Vineyards to try to grow the finest grapes possible.

It is only by such meticulous care along the entire chain of grape growing and winemaking steps that we can hope to achieve our goal:

To provide you with the finest wines we can produce.

Gallo Vineyards, Modesto, California

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have "a staple of potatoes and cereal complemented by beans," with "modest but significant amounts of lean meat," fruits and vegetables, and "as much alcohol as we can conveniently produce after we have produced the basics."

The author says that even now all nations are capable of feeding their people decently and could expect to have adequate supplies in the year 2000—by which time, barring widespread natural disaster, human numbers will have doubled. To realize this capacity, however, we must give up some of the bad agronomic habits we have acquired in this century. The agriculture of the future should depend primarily on the small farm and on the hard labor and the intelligence of the farmer. Each nation should try to be self-reliant (though self-sufficiency is hardly a realistic goal); then rich nations will not have to "prop up" poor ones. Monocultural agriculture, which wastes land and resources, must be forgotten, and technology must be used only to the extent that it makes sense. In the end, we will have an "arrangement of overlapping and interlocking farms, market gardens, and small holdings." To offset the terrible waste in American and British kitchens, where much of what is bought and prepared is then thrown out, chicken houses and piggeries to be provisioned by table scraps will be set up in the suburbs.

One of the endearing characteristics of the American reading public is its appetite for books that point out national and global faults and failings and that offer solutions to them. *The Famine Business* is in the same honorable tradition of E. F. Schumacher's *Small Is Beautiful* and Frances Moore Lappé's *Diet for a Small Planet*. It is, in fact, a first cousin of Lappé's more recent *Food First*, which cites some of the same evidence and comes to some of the same conclusions. Tudge's lucid, economical style is a rare quality, even among conservationists. And for an author who is grappling with an apocalyptic question, he is unfailingly cheerful, sensible, and companionable.

Yet despite its engaging qualities, *The Famine Business* is a futuristic work, and the question inexorably arises as to just who is going to induce us to change our bad habits and remake our agriculture. Tudge raises the question himself and tries to answer it forthrightly. While he imagines that rational agriculture would work best under some sort of Marxian plan—though certainly not the Soviet system—he believes it could be adapted to a variety of political frameworks. He does not see how it can be "squeezed into a capitalist economy" and admits that some of his proposals are "commercial lunacy" under the present systems. I fear he will have a tough time selling rational agriculture to the president of, for example, General Foods. I wish him luck with the fast-food generation, whose gastronomic aspirations emphatically include Cocoa-Crispies, milkless "shakes," and Big Macs, and who wouldn't touch a potato-with-its-jacket-on. And if he can persuade the inhabitants of Greenwich and Westport, Connecticut, to raise pigs and chickens, then the millennium will soon be upon us and the Age of Anxiety will come to an end.

Meanwhile, in the 1970s, anxiety about food has taken on a new dimension. What used to pass for American liberalism has somehow come to find its main expression in worries about food and what is mistakenly referred to as "the ecology." People who in the Sixties carried placards for civil rights and an end to the war are now vegetarians; if they're not actually out farming, they do all their shopping at health food stores. And there also exists an urban gastronomic counterculture that wants pure food, eschews sodium nitrite, yearns for the victory gardens of a Forties childhood, and worries about whether Americans consume too much. This gastronomic counterculture senses, queasily, that food and politics are related and hopes that Food for Peace is doing some good. Learning from Colin Tudge that the United States is not a breadbasket but a "banquet table" from which crumbs occasionally fall or that the vast bulk of our exported grains goes to feed cattle in the rich nations is depressing. But Tudge also offers constructive notions and statistics to counteract that depression.

Tudge will find his audience not only among the liberals and the gastronomic counterculturists but also, I hope, among food industry executives, politicians, agribusinessmen, and farmers—if there are any farmers left. I hope the publisher is sending a copy of the book to President Carter and Secretary of Agriculture Bob Bergland, because great power for change resides in them. It can't hurt to remind them that famine can be avoided and that it is chiefly the result of choices made by those who eat. ◉

"Here you are,sir, $40,000 in small bills. Have a nice day."

Shirley Abbott Tomkievicz is the former editor of Horizon.

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Fine Print

by Doris Grumbach

IF ONE is to judge by the recent spate of articles on Yaddo and the MacDowell Colony in *The New York Times*, *Boston* magazine, and *Smithsonian*, the public must be getting as curious about what goes on in artists' colonies as it has always been about what goes on in brothels, locker rooms, and psychiatric wards. To a certain extent, this surge of curiosity about artists' colonies may have been stimulated by fictional treatments of those places. Both Lore Segal and Alison Lurie, for example, have set whole novels or parts of them at Yaddo. Though MacDowell has not yet inspired any fiction that I know of, a number of poets, among them Reed Whittemore, have written about the pleasures and pains of life there.

I have worked at Yaddo once and at MacDowell Colony three times. I like both, work well at both. But I am also acutely aware of the disadvantages of working among the people who are invited to those selective places. Perhaps this piece will seem full of ungrateful carping. If that is so, it is only because the literature I have mentioned tends to be overly enthusiastic and celebratory. Reading it, one comes away with the impression that the writers, by their purple prose, were hoping to ensure an invitation to return.

MacDowell Colony is an enormous wooded estate on the outskirts of Peterborough, New Hampshire. The town was immortalized as Grovers Corners in *Our Town*, by Thornton Wilder, who was a colonist during the time he wrote the play. At its peak, in summertime, MacDowell houses 30 artists, writers, and composers. Persons apply by submitting some of their work to an admissions committee. If accepted, they can live and work at MacDowell for up to three months at a time. The agreeable colonist is asked back again and again (as many as 10 times), but the colonist who is unpleasantly antisocial, a drunk, or *too* social is not. If my experience is typical (I have been writing and rewriting the same retarded novel for three years), lack of tangible accomplishment doesn't bar an artist from returning.

The numerous virtues of MacDowell can be especially evident to women artists, who are freed from the onerous minutiae of daily family life to concentrate solely on their work. (This freedom has at times proved heady: two summers ago, four married women who were separated from their husbands by their stay at the colony were so exhilarated by the experience that they returned home and promptly left their husbands for keeps.)

Another virtue of the place is its atmosphere of creativity. Everyone is fighting the same demons; so the essential loneliness of the long-distance artist is alleviated by the sympathy of fellow marathoners when everyone congregates for breakfast and dinner. The talk at dinner is often very heartening and encouraging as the practitioners of the arts exchange insights about their work.

But in spite of these advantages there are some terrible drawbacks to being one of 30 creative people confined in one place. An individual who has a strong need to be recognized often arrives and immediately informs everyone of his accomplishments and of what he is working on—of who, in other words, he *is*. One colonist, a well-known biographer, brought his works to meals to urge them upon other diners.

Cut off from leavening influences, artists tend to form strong, eccentric, or often passionate attachments and dislikes at such colonies. The more sensitive or the less well-balanced spend much time in the evenings indulging themselves in long quasi-psychoanalytical sessions, which prove to be as great a trial to captive listeners as the readings that they often attend only as a matter of courtesy.

Thirty years ago the novelist Kay Boyle occupied the same studio I inhabited this summer. In a speech last year, accepting an honorary degree from Skidmore College, she said of her time at MacDowell:

> Writers' colonies were never of much use to me as far as accomplishing work was concerned. This is because it has been my experience that a concentration of spiritual and material troubles exists there more densely than anywhere else in the world—except possibly in jail. As a result, I always found myself involved in the very real ego crises of those around me, and the misery of my own writing neurosis was neglected. Once, during the Second World War, when I and my three youngest children were following my husband around from army camp to army camp across the United States, I wrote the major part of a novel in the bathroom of a Denver rooming house. Accommodations were difficult to find during the war, when the entire population of America was on the move, and I wrote the book actually sitting on the lid of the toilet, with my typewriter balanced on the washbasin, while the three children slept in the adjoining bedroom. Although this was clearly not a romantic spot in which to write, the book *did* run as a romantic serial in *The Saturday Evening Post*. It also went into an Armed Forces edition of two hundred fifty thousand copies without the military authorities suspecting for a moment where the writing of it had been done.

The dangers of mental breakdowns, excessive drinking, depressions, are increased in that rarefied colony air. Of course the perfectly self-contained artist can go about his business profitably. But there are always those few whose presence and needs are a burden to the others, whose control is reduced by the long hours alone, and who poison the general well.

The lesson of artists' colonies is that while some people need uninterrupted blocks of time in order to create, others write or paint or compose better *with* distractions by the ordinary duties of life. For such people, interruptions are the tension breakers without which long periods of concentration cannot be sustained. Confronted with the perfection of the silence of the woods and the studios, with eight hours of absolute solitude, a prepared lunch left on the doorstep—no interruptions whatever—a few people go to pieces in the evenings, if they have not already done so earlier in the day when there was no one around to console them. The nonstop talker, the despairing and depressed nonproducer, emerges from his studio ready to foist his troubles on everyone.

Good books, good painting and sculpture and graphics, good music, have all come from those studios at MacDowell and Yaddo. But other good work has also been produced at dining room tables or at basement desks or in the car parked at the suburban railroad station waiting for the 5:03 from New York or on the lid of the toilet seat. Stay home or go to a colony with its sometimes frustrating perfection. It really doesn't matter as long as your vision is clear, your motivation strong, and you have something important to say. ◉

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Books in Brief

Members of the Tribe

by Richard Kluger
Doubleday, 471 pp., $10

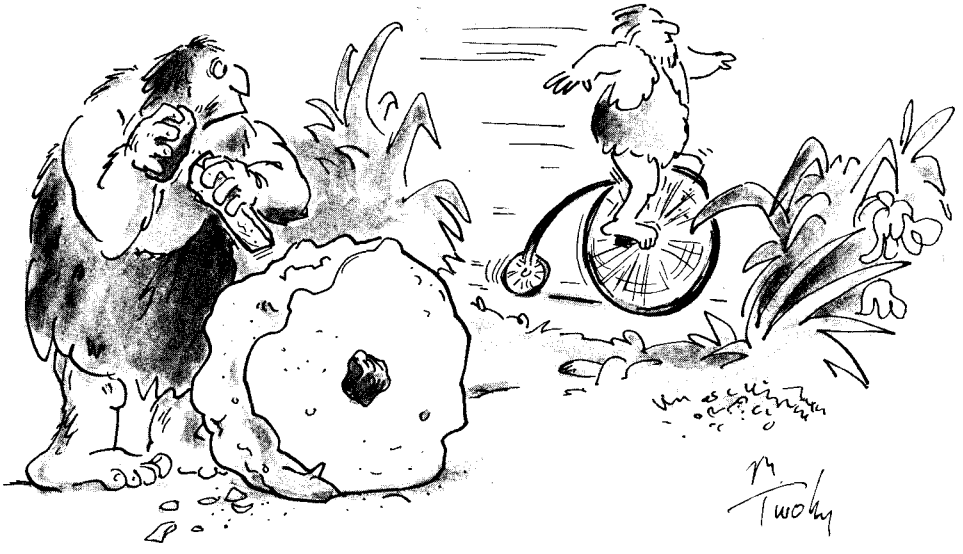
Richard Kluger wrote his widely acclaimed *Simple Justice* in part to distinguish "conceits from a set of humbling truths" about the struggle of blacks for equality in America. A similar impetus on behalf of American Jews led to his writing *Members of the Tribe*. Within the course of the novel flow several stories, set mostly in Georgia during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, that revise common themes of American Jewish literature. Specifically, the stories mark the progress of New York-born Seth Adler in establishing himself as a lawyer and citizen in Savannah, Georgia, and follow his changeable relation to the Baxters, a local family notable for its enterprise, eccentricity, and social position.

Though mainly a work of imagination, the narrative draws on historical events and personalities to describe the growing pains of the postbellum South and its awkwardness in accommodating not just blacks and Northerners but also Jews, who had special anxieties about assimilation. The prominent fictional trial of factory superintendent Noah Berg is "based loosely on the real ordeal" of Leo M. Frank in Atlanta from 1913 to 1915. Tom Watson, agrarian rebel turned cantankerous cracker, plays a powerful part. Drawing from the public record and from sources like historian C. Van Woodward's biography, Kluger shaped his portrait of this paradoxical Georgian who fought against racism and the exploitation of blacks and whites by business interests and, after repeated frustrations, switched sides.

Through the diaries of Adler and his daughter Judith, Kluger acquaints us with the conviction (and its counters) that "for Jews, America was native soil of the soul." This faith has been worn to a sinewy thread by a virulent American strain of anti-Semitism; it has been more often practiced judiciously than jubilantly proclaimed. But it ties together Kluger's thinking on a century of social history, aired in a strongly Christian southern setting.

Members of the Tribe is sometimes predictable, its characters familiar, perhaps to emphasize what we know in our bones about human frailty and the folly of events. The fates of Kluger's tribesmen are joined to forces of history and the inventions that do their bidding. The people change as commerce and politics advance. We learn about mass merchandising and scientific management through the study of a soda pop company, about the progress of politics through a depiction of statehouse shenanigans and a portrayal of the courtroom as a theater for social controversy. The author does not delve deeply into the lives of many characters, but the diary form gives him license to use a range of descriptive styles. Even labored, parodying passages seem justified, joining attentive and animated prose to make vivid the details of private and family life that reflect shifts in the social order.

Kluger's is a bold, intelligent book, another noteworthy achievement for an accomplished writer. The Adler chronicles engage, exhaust, enrage, by turns, ending with a flourish of hope. Kluger raises questions in the Talmudic tradition, with offhanded humor and the intimate ironies of Yiddish inflections: Are the Jews "history's nags" instead of its "chosen"? What about "the contrary tendencies of form and fundament" and the loss Jews suffered by adopting regional guises, giving up much save the core values of the old life? The answers are open to debate: in dialogue between Seth Adler and his associates, in Judith's observations on her father, in the anguished account of Noah Berg's trial—an American Dreyfus Affair that causes defense counselor Adler, "stars and stripes in his eyes," to feel that the country he worshiped "only once deserted him." —LINCOLN CAPLAN



Adlai Stevenson and the World

by John Bartlow Martin
Doubleday, 863 pp., $15

The Papers of Adlai E. Stevenson, Volume VII

edited by Walter Johnson
Little, Brown, 655 pp., $22.50

Following Adlai Stevenson's life from the morning after his 1952 election defeat to his death in 1965, John Bartlow Martin's second volume on Stevenson does for biography what the *Hindenburg* did for air travel: it gives a worthy enterprise a bad name. Like its predecessor, this book consistently substitutes detail for insight, burying its subject in trivia.

Martin, a former Stevenson speechwriter, concluded his first volume, *Adlai Stevenson of Illinois* (1976), by saying that "the best years of Adlai Stevenson's leadership lay ahead," but he doesn't prove it here. From his nomination and defeat in 1956 through his halfhearted reach for nomination in 1960, his equally ineffective effort to become John Kennedy's Secretary of State, and his final, unhappy years at the U.N., Stevenson is shown as having been increasingly hamstrung and frustrated. Frustration and sadness also attended his private life—witness his agonized relationship with his ex-wife—and friendships with a coterie of adoring women seem not to have cheered him much.

There is a wealth of material here, but readers will have to supply their own context and perspective. Martin hops from monotonous recitals of Stevenson's daily activities (including totally insignificant social details, incomprehensible journal entries, and fragmentary travel notes) to summaries of Stevenson's private and public statements, correspondence and comments by Stevenson's associates, and occasional patches of Martin's own analysis. The best sections deal with the election campaigns, which impose an order that Martin is unwilling or unable to provide

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himself. But the overall effect of Martin's organization and style is numbing.

A more tidy, public Stevenson is displayed in the latest volume of his papers, edited by another former Stevenson associate, Walter Johnson. To avoid "unnecessary anguish to people still living," Johnson deletes parts of Stevenson's correspondence, so there is comparatively little on his private life, while other painful issues, such as his great ambition to be JFK's Secretary of State, are often glossed over. Still, the papers do provide glimpses of Stevenson's style as formulated between 1957 and 1961, glimpses more compelling than Martin's graceless paraphrasings.

But Stevenson's style has seldom been questioned. Whether substance matched it remains for another biographer to tell.

—LUTHER SPOEHR

Tennessee Williams' Letters to Donald Windham, 1940–1965
edited by Donald Windham
Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 352 pp., $10

Tanaquil
by Donald Windham
Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 312 pp., $8.95

In his *Memoirs*, Tennessee Williams refers with mysterious brevity to "Donald Windham, my collaborator on *You Touched Me!* in 1946, and an early friend in New York, whose present disaffection I much regret." Both the growing "disaffection" and the earlier glow of this friendship are now documented in *Tennessee Williams' Letters to Donald Windham, 1940–1965*, complete with Windham's historical-psychoanalytical annotations and a bittersweet epilogue by James Russell Lowell on the value of old friendships.

Whether describing lovers, work habits, or theater luminaries, these letters have an extraordinary immediacy of emotion and detail. Written during times of "obscurity and failure" from dingy rooming houses all over the country, the early letters alternate between a "serene" down-and-out romanticism and the "blue-devils" of depression. The genesis of the three-year "desperate times," during which Williams was convinced he was dying and produced his best work, is recorded not only in a fragmented letter to Windham but also in a lyrical, "somewhat drunken" letter to Kenneth Tynan. These and other accounts of "interior storms" are harrowing and intensely moving.

Yet, as Windham puts it, Williams's "manner was happy" and the letters are filled with high-spirited, if sometimes scabrous, portraits. Here is Gore Vidal in Rome in 1948: "He has studied ballet and is constantly doing pirouettes and flexing his legs, and the rest of the time he is comparing himself and Truman Capote (his professional rival and Nemesis) to such figures as Dostoevski and Balzac."

Memorable character sketches are precisely what is missing from Windham's *Tanaquil*, an intentionally low-keyed, almost muted novel (Windham's fourth) about a happy New York marriage occasionally spiked with bisexual infidelities. Windham's method, like the collage art depicted in the novel, consists of "miscellaneous assortments of everyday and aesthetic objects." Whenever the "invisible threads" of these objects become entangled in human psyches, the wooden characters suddenly spring to life. Since the objects are so carefully and atmospherically developed, they deserve a livelier fate than this. —JACK SULLIVAN

Eastward Ha!
by S. J. Perelman
Simon & Schuster, 128 pp., $7.95

In pebble glasses and high choler, S. J. Perelman, that word-besotted humorist, has again set out to traduce the globe. Perhaps the countries of the world deserve the lumps they take at Perelman's practiced hand—they so rarely live up to the traveler's feverish imagination. In his earlier *Westward Ha!* Perelman went, well, west; now he heads in the opposite direction, hitting Scotland (and pinning it to to the mat) as his first stop, going on to France, Russia, Israel, Turkey, Greece, Iran, Thailand, Malaysia, Hong Kong, Indonesia, and Tahiti, before ending up in Hollywood ("the most primitive civilization of them all"). At one point the man is all heart. When an argumentative taxi driver in Los Angeles reaches for a tire iron, Perelman notices he has no neck, "merely a knot of muscle like an orangutan's," and taking pity on the cripple, Perelman hastily forks over the requested fare.

One can hear his host of readers asking, "Is *Eastward Ha!* vintage Perelman?" The real question is whether they will be satisfied with a belly laugh every few pages or so and a lot of chuckles in between or whether they will be ingrates. For me, Perelman's names alone—Nauseatrauma for the manager of the Jakarta Stilton, Phee Line Miaow for a Siamese room boy, the Star & Kreplach for a Scottish pub—are worth the price. —RALPH TYLER

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Trade Winds

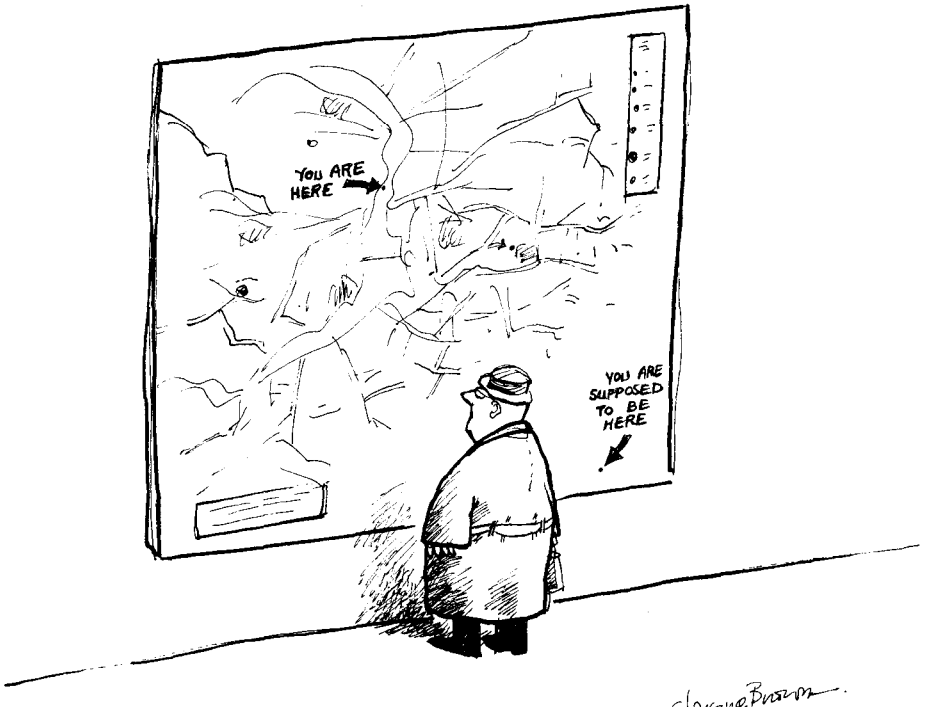
by William Cole

"Momentary" Art

I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like—to read about it. And that's journals, letters, and such books as *Diary of an Artist*, by Raphael Soyer (New Republic Books, distributed by Simon & Schuster, October 25, $15.95). The artist emigrated to New York from Russia in 1912, and he and his late twin brother, Moses, are among America's most distinguished realist painters. I like the way he talks about painting: "There was something not quite right about the paintings—they were like strange fruit that one wouldn't eat and yet would hate to throw out." About another painter, he says, "I don't like his work, it is soft and boneless." The book is full of art-related travel—Florence, Venice, Munich, Paris, London—and alive with meetings and conversations with Edward Hopper, Jack Levine, Allen Ginsberg, Arshile Gorky, Henry Moore, Carlo Levi, the pompous Alberto Moravia, and the underrated Italian painter Renato Guttuso. I would say that Soyer is not exactly open to experimental art. Here he is, speaking of the Tate: "What follows is the 'modern' section of the Gallery. Except for the paintings of Bacon and Lucien Freud, this is a collection of all forms of non-representationalism, including the latest art of the moment: 'op,' 'pop,' 'kinetic,' and 'cop.' To apply the word 'modern' to art is bad enough, in my opinion, but this is even beyond that. It should be called 'momentary' art, if it is art at all." Many illustrations, halftones, and line drawings, which were not available when I read the galley proofs.

Busy Lady

Lady Antonia Fraser wastes not a minute. She's written notable biographies of Mary, Queen of Scots, and Cromwell; last year I commented on her wonderful anthology *Scottish Love Poems*. This year she's published a first novel, *Quiet as a Nun*—murder in a convent school—and a handsome book, *Love Letters* (Knopf, October 19, $8.95), which covers its subject admirably, from the Greeks on down to us. I found most moving the eve-of-execution letter from Sir Walter Raleigh to his wife. It was, however, premature—he wasn't put away for another 15 years. I like Walter Bagehot's "I go about murmuring, 'I have made that dignified girl *commit* herself, I have, I have', and then I vault over the sofa with exultation." Chopin was a funny fellow; he wrote to Delphine Potocka that "inspiration and creativity come only when I have abstained from a woman for a longish period. . . . Sweetest Fidelina, how much of that precious fluid, how many forces have I wasted on you! I have not given you a child and God only knows how many excellent inspirations, how many musical ideas have gone to perdition!" What's a girl to say to that?



Exuberant

Randy Blasing is a refreshing young poet. His first collection, *Light Years*, is coming from Persea Books on October 26 ($8.95 cloth, $3.95 paper). Make a note. Buy it. You'll be pleased. He's chatty, exuberant, full of exclamation points. There are bits like: "Don't tell me it's spring/Though I have to admit/The air does sidle up/Embarrassingly. . . ." Here's a tour de force called "The Man":

He weasels out of things; nothing
cows him; he never chickens out—he ducks;
he foxes millions; he squirrels away
everything; he snakes his way in, he bulls
through,
he crows about going out on a limb;
doubts dog him secretly; he thinks people
are hounding him; he hogs the air; he gooses
himself; he rats on his brothers, skunks
friends;
he wolfs down the night, hawks the sky; he
apes
anyone; they have to ferret him out;
he crabs to you about them; he clams up
on you; he monkeys with you; he horses
with your life; you lionize him.

Write a Best Seller

All you need is a bunch of specialized information, a bit of plot, and an adequate style. A feeling for menace helps. And you've got a best seller. Take *Shall We Tell the President?* by Jeffrey Archer (Viking, just out, $8.95)—first printing, 100,000. Archer, an Englishman, has studied the interior workings of the FBI and a street map of Washington. He's supposing that Teddy Kennedy is the next President and that there's a plot afoot to assassinate him. We have an instant hero, a heroine (whom the hero gratingly addresses as "lovely lady"), three preposterous villains, a tiny bit of action, and presto—riches! I don't believe the dialogue: "We see the results of a great deal of violence at D.C., General, but it isn't usually inflicted within our walls." Oh, yes, you'll learn something: FBI operatives always show their credentials with their left hands so that their "strong hand" would be free to draw and fire if necessary. Also, by 1983 (when this book is set), your wristwatch will tell you your blood pressure, the rate of your heartbeat, and the Dow-Jones industrial average. Besides the time. ◉

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The man who unmasked The Hidden Persuaders, explored The Sexual Wilderness, and identified A Nation of Strangers, now takes on the biological engineers who want to alter the way you act and think and look.

Vance Packard

The People Shapers

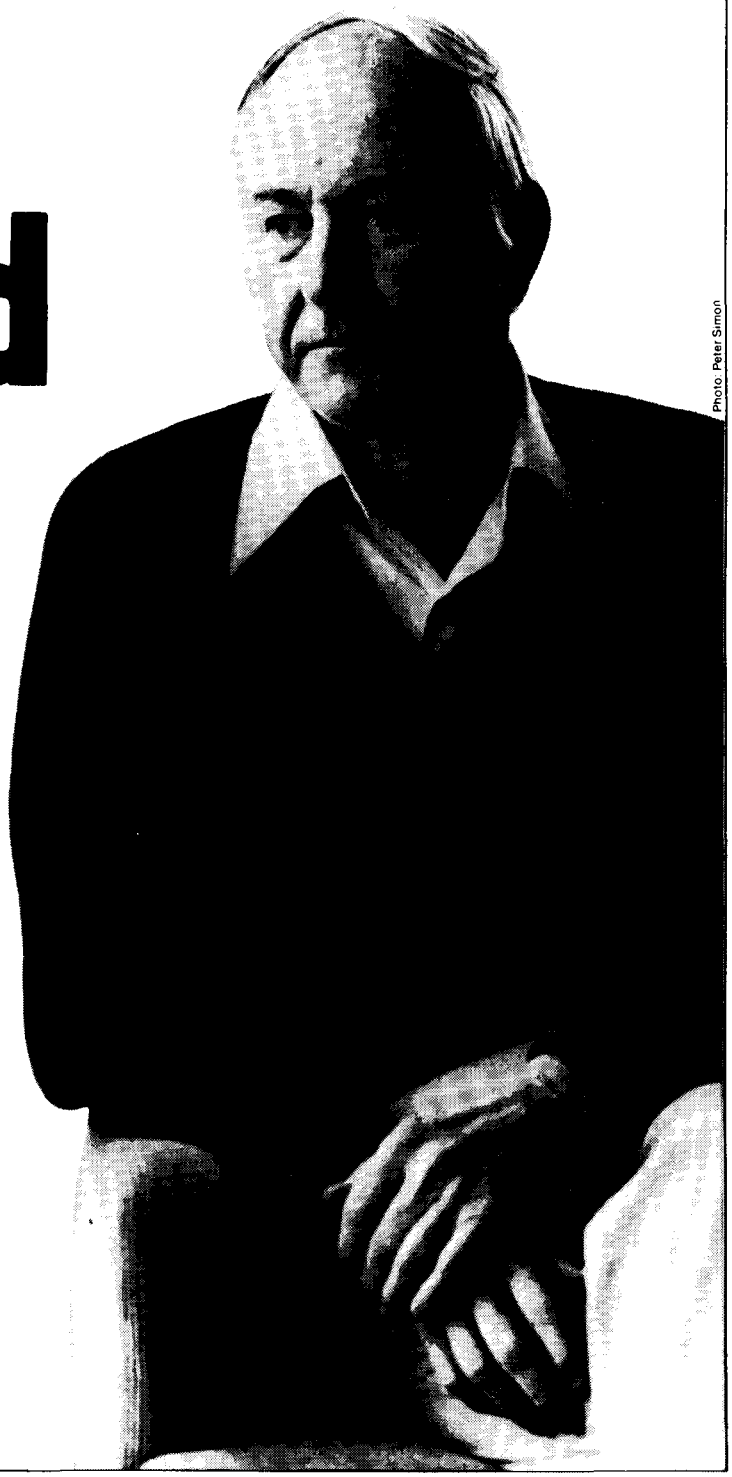

Photo: Peter Simon

If surgeons can transplant heads, if biologists can double the size of the head, and if physiologists can put electrical machinery inside the head to control the brain, isn't 1984 even closer than we think? If geneticists can change the basic building blocks of life, are we on the threshhold of a brave new world? These are among the questions Vance Packard raises in perhaps the most important book of his career.

"Packard takes on the whole field of bioethics... in a style that is lucid and engrossing."
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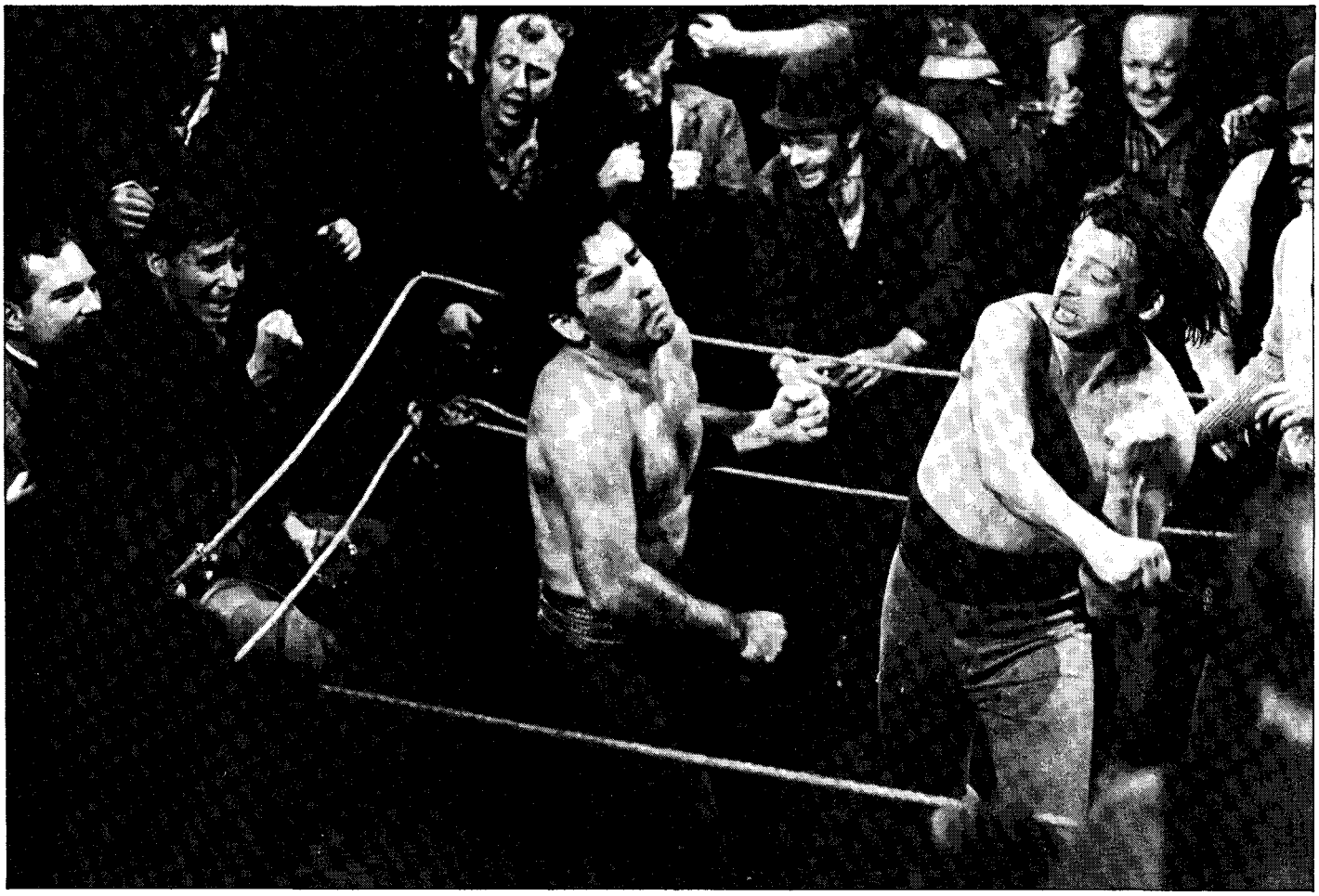
The Way It Really Was in the Good Old Days



Stephen Rafferty (Guy Boyd) lands a blow—"In a barefisted tavern prizefight so disturbingly good as to give television violence a better name."

by Karl E. Meyer

HISTORY, as someone has remarked, is a lie agreed upon, and the biggest liars are put in charge of naming decades. What, for example, made the Gay Nineties so gay? In the United States, the 1890s were a time of financial panics, labor strife, farm bankruptcy, and a pointless imperialist war against Spain. The years were not particularly gay for slum dwellers, blacks, immigrants, small businessmen, or anyone, for that matter, who defied conventional morality—every right-minded American applauded lustily when Oscar Wilde was sent to jail in 1895. Gay, indeed.

I am therefore delighted with *The Best of Families*, a new PBS series that serves as an antidote to misbegotten nostalgia for the world of our grandfathers. In this ingenious eight-part series, the history of America from 1880 to 1900 is recaptured in the lives of members of three fictitious families living in New York City. Real events and real people mingle with imagined characters, somewhat in the manner of E. L. Doctorow's *Ragtime*.

The premiere two-hour show, introducing the three families, is superior television, a compelling story in which medium almost sneakily conveys a message. (It will be broadcast on Thursday, October 27, at 9:00 P.M. on most public stations; succeeding episodes, each running 60 minutes, will be aired in the same weekly time period, with repeats on weekends.)

As the program opens, we are in New York during an August heat wave in 1880. We are also in a strange and ruthless world without welfare laws, minimum wages, trade unions, birth control, public health programs, regulatory commissions, electricity, refrigeration, or—as we instantly notice—air conditioning.

Everyone sweats. Copiously. The heat is remorseless, and when, as the program ends, there is a rainstorm, New Yorkers dance in the streets. This is typical of the cunning indirection by which *The Best of Families* makes its points.

We first meet the Raffertys, newly

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The Baldwins, Wheelers, and Raffertys (clockwise from left)—"Not flattened into stereotypes or weighted down with historical piety."

arrived Irish immigrants, poor, proud, and half-defeated by the struggle for survival. They live in a windowless tenement, partitioned by blankets, from which the only escape—for the males—is Fitzpatrick's Saloon, the neighborhood social and political club.

On the far side of the tracks are the Wheelers, seemingly enveloped in a secure cocoon of wealth, cultivation, and privilege. But the Wheelers have just learned that a railway stock failure has diminished their fortune by 20 percent, forcing a reduction in their lavish style of living.

In a chain reaction, the same stock failure brings to an abrupt halt a construction job on which the Raffertys have been employed. James Lathrop, the architect, is likewise out of work, and he seeks help and advice from his Congregationalist minister in Brooklyn, Dr. Frederick Baldwin. The middle-class Baldwins, with whom Lathrop becomes involved, are the third family in the chronicle.

What lends distinction to *The Best of Families* (judging by the opening installment) is that the characters are not flattened into stereotypes, as in commercial television, or weighted down with historical piety, as in *The Adams Chronicles*. Loring Mandel's script for the first program is a model of dexterity, and director Glenn Jordan—though he lingers a bit too long on an Irish wake—keeps the story moving briskly. (The executive producer is Ethel Winant, a CBS veteran.)

But best of all, it is an actor's series. Filmed mostly in New York and drawing on New York talent, the dramatization glitters with scene-stealing performances. As the elder Rafferty, Milo O'Shea manages even as a corpse during a wake to vivify the screen. Guy Boyd, playing one of his sons, brings the opening program to a close in a barefisted tavern prizefight so disturbingly good as to give television violence a better name. Of the many other fine performances, I would single out William Hurt, whose artful shyness as the young architect James Lathrop outFondas Henry Fonda.

Curiously, *The Best of Families* was produced by CTW (Children's Television Workshop), creator of *Sesame Street*. Acting on the proposal of Naomi Foner, a junior producer, CTW decided to attempt this experiment in prime time drama for an adult audience. The budget of $6 million was raised from the usual panoply of private and public funding sources, and a board of advisers was assembled to assure historical accuracy. The nicest thing I can say is that despite all those professors, CTW has come up with a program that can be seen without boredom or embarrassment. ◉

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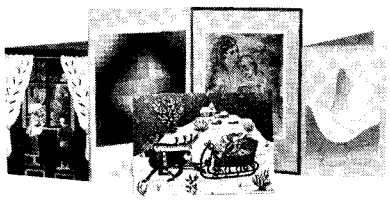

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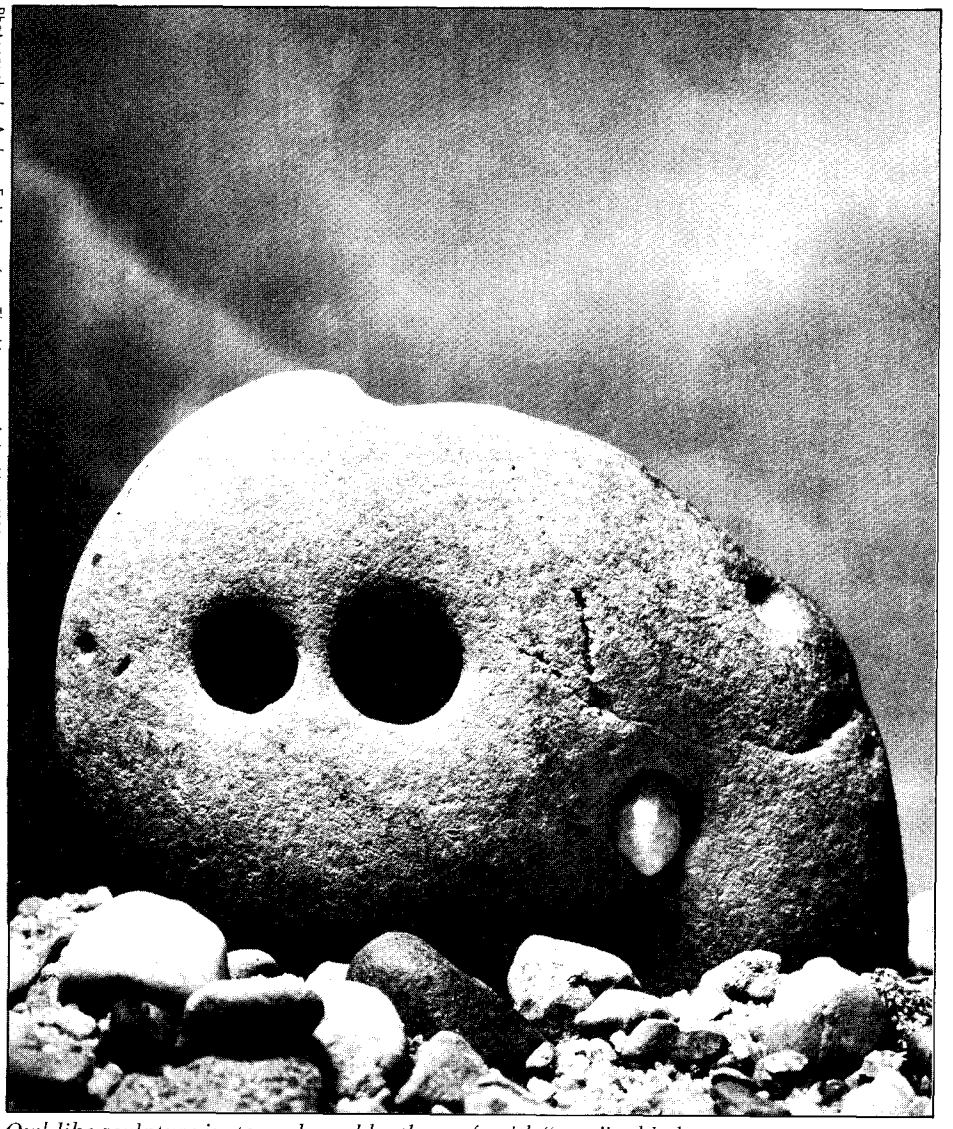
Photography

Feininger's Fantasia



Photographs by Andreas Feininger, from *The Mountains of the Mind* (Viking).

Owl-like sculpture is stone shaped by the surf, with "eyes" added by rock-boring marine mussels.

by Margaret R. Weiss

IF THE ancient Greek Peripatetics in the sacred olive groves of Athens could have had a photographer among their retinue, they might well have chosen one with Andreas Feininger's predilections. Like those early metaphysicians, he ponders the mysteries of the universe, drawing his primary data from nature's own forms and seeking universal law and order beneath the surface appearances of the sensory world. Like Plato's disciples, too, he does his best thinking while walking—perhaps only occasionally in an olive grove, but often along a deserted beach or in the silent desert.

Camera and thoughts spurring each other, the former architect-engineer has made a career out of his "fantastic journeys into reality." Some of the earlier safaris were faithfully recorded in *The Anatomy of Nature*, *Forms of Nature and Life*, *The World Through My Eyes*, *Trees*, *Shells*, and *The Roots of Art*. His more recent insights into nature's designing ways have been compiled in *The Mountains of the Mind: A Fantastic Journey into Reality*, to be published by Viking later this month.

Last spring when he showed me the book manuscript and accompanying photographs, I could see that the structures and patterns recurrent in the mineral-vegetable-animal kingdoms had lost none of their fascination for his viewfinder. Nor had the arguments in behalf of conservation and the warnings against "the present tide of materialism, neglect, and destruction" diminished in strength or urgency.

"Nature is fantastic as soon as we penetrate the surface," he maintains. More than 100 prints prove his point without recourse to "distortion, double exposure, multiple printing, 'artistic' blur, solarization, posterization, zooming during exposure." The only artistic liberties taken were in positioning objects to enhance their inherent monumentality or converting a positive image into a negative one to emphasize specific qualities of the subject. What he has used to full advantage are the magnifying power of the lens (many subjects are presented at least 10 times larger than their natural size) and unfamiliar perspectives that give no clues as to the actual dimensions or scale of familiar objects.

These are Feininger's only visas to a visual fantasia in which pebbles loom large as boulders, shells assume the proportions of man-made habitats, a patch of tree bark becomes a bas-relief map. The cosmic kinship of all matter is manifest on these wilder shores of reality: "Crystals grow like flowers; the sutures of a skull meander like a river."

In this latest collection of photographs as in previous ones, the consummate craftsman never wavers in his fealty to Le Corbusier's dictum that technique is the foundation of expression. But there is also a touch of the poet animating the precise syntax of his images.

Aesthetically, the photographer's preferences run to sharpness of detail, economy of design, and a *multum in parvo* approach to the physical landscape. Capitalizing on these, he arrests the viewer's eye and sets its sights on "the mountains of the mind"—the realization that only if nature's interrelationships are recognized and respected will there be any earth for future generations to inherit.

This is no small assignment for any lens or pen—and it is a challenge that the peripatetic Feininger continues to take in stride. ◉

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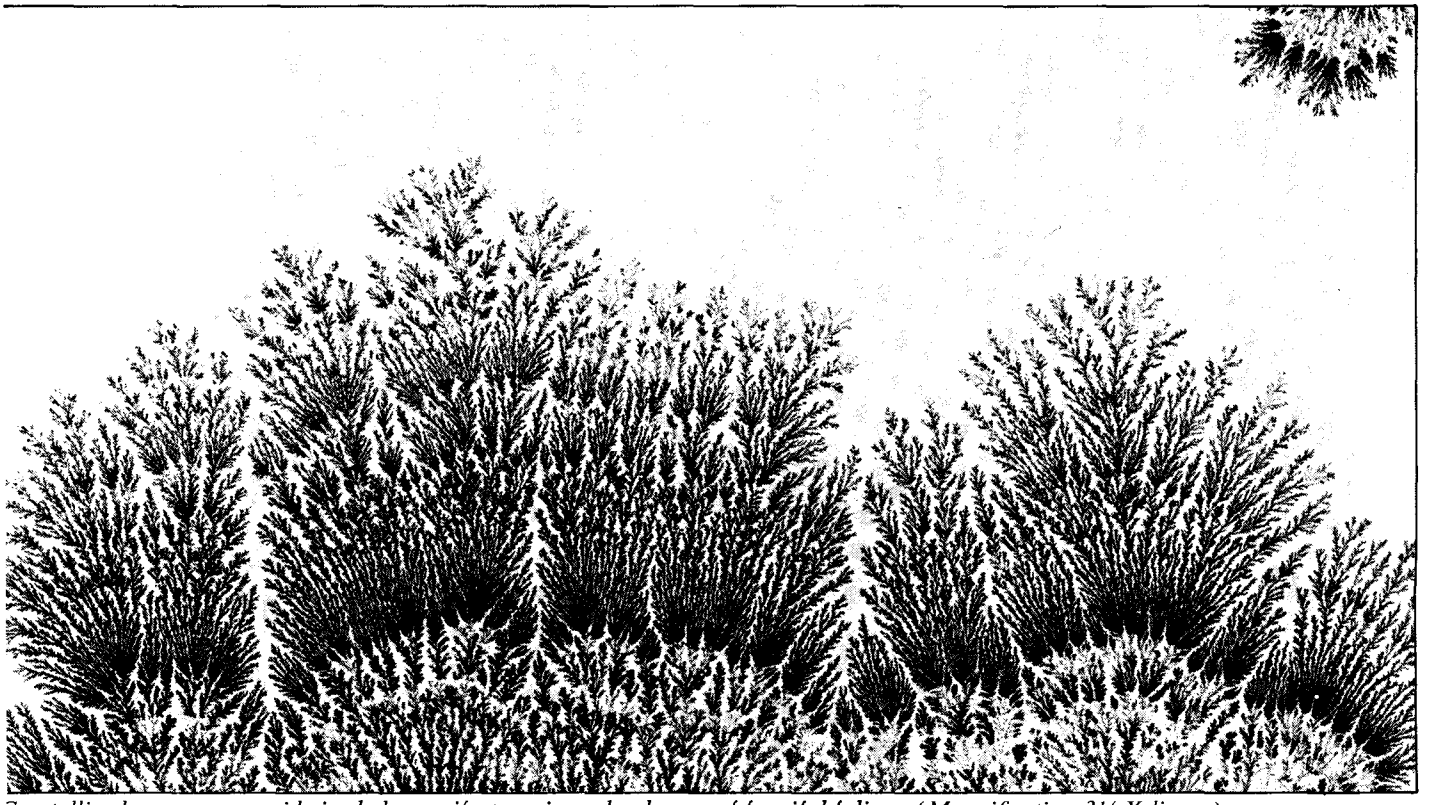
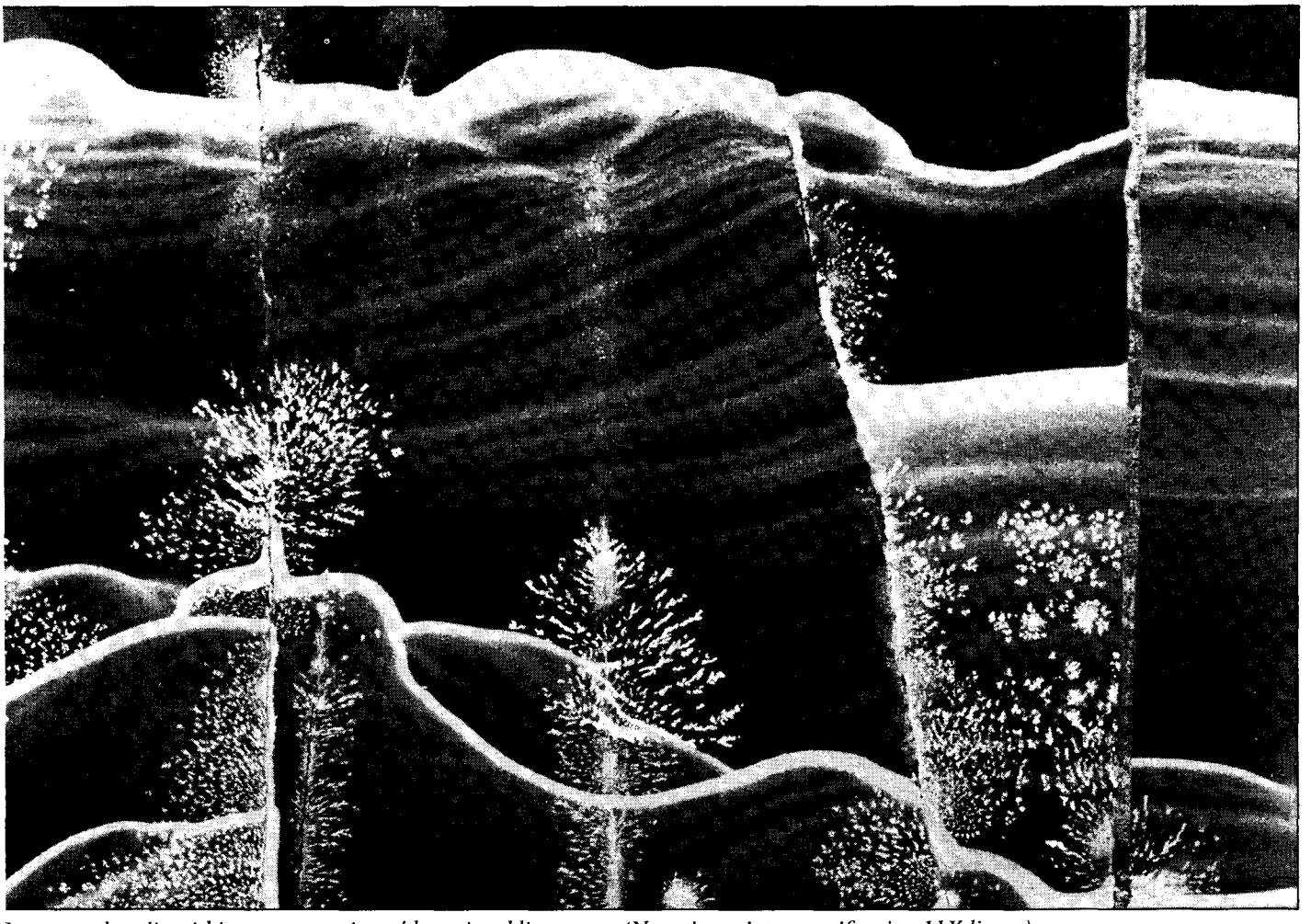


Crystallized manganese oxide in shale manifests an inner landscape of fanciful foliage. (Magnification 3½X linear)



Secret gardens lie within a cross section of brecciated limestone. (Negative print; magnification 11X linear)

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Music to My Ears

Convocation at the Philharmonic

Marianne Barcellona

Paul Freeman conducts the Philharmonic—"Celebration" or segregation?

by Irving Kolodin

THE New York Philharmonic's recent "Celebration of Black Composers," past and present, raised more than just musical questions. Is color a meaningful criterion for grouping composers? Does not such a "celebration" in fact exemplify the very thing that blacks have been contending against for decades—segregation?

Whether or not the five-concert sequence (divided into three orchestral concerts in Avery Fisher Hall and two recitals of piano music and songs in the smaller Auditorium of the Library) answered these questions outright, it certainly shed light on them. Of particular interest was the place of the participating composers in the country's educational process. No less than 12 of the living black composers whose works were heard occupy important positions in as many colleges and universities from coast to coast.

Appropriately, the programs gave proper prominence to a trio of older composers who long ago established their credentials. William Grant Still, whose artful and engaging "Panamanian Dances" were performed by the Philharmonic under the direction of Leon Thompson, has had a place in the music of America since the Twenties. I have heard the works of Howard Swanson, whose piano sonata and several songs were heard with pleasure on several occasions. And Ulysses Kay (a decade younger than the seventy-ish Swanson and now Distinguished Professor at Lehman College of the City University of New York) sustained his reputation for excellence in "Three Pieces After Blake," for which Irene Oliver was the able interpreter of the soprano part.

In my view, the second-class status of black composers has more to do with the ignorance of conductors (and other interpreters) than with discrimination per se. Such being the case, I would send out an all-points bulletin to conductors on behalf of George Walker, a professor of music at Rutgers University. He emerged from this convocation not merely as a leader of his black colleagues but as one of the ablest composers in the American community, occupying a place between the older circle of Copland-Schuman-Carter and the younger coterie of Crumb-Wuorinen-Druckman. He addresses himself confidently to his problem, possesses a sure sense of direction, and works energetically toward his objective.

Walker was favored with the performance of his well-shaped piano sonata No. 1 by Leon Bates, a fine pianist who happens to be black, too. Two orchestral works were also included: a "Lyric for Strings" (an early work somewhat in the manner of Samuel Barber's *Adagio* for strings) and a recent concerto for piano which had as its soloist Natalie Hinderas, who had used a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts to commission it.

I found this piece a little modishly dissonant, clearly designed to give Miss Hinderas an opportunity to display her driving keyboard skills. The slow movement, described as a tribute to the late Duke Ellington, dealt with such abstract elements as harmonic style and keyboard manner rather than with something akin to his substance, which I would have preferred. As a showpiece, it accomplished its objective in the skillful hands of Miss Hinderas. On the whole, I would recommend that conductors interested in a colorful, concise example of Walker's abilities listen to his concerto for trombone and orchestra, included in Columbia's "Black Composers" recordings.

Of the others represented, special attention was earned by Hale Smith (University of Connecticut), whose beautifully written song cycle bringing together texts by Lu Yun, Shakespeare, Tu Fu, and Elinor Hoyt Wylie was artfully interpreted by Hilda Harris, a gifted mezzo of the Metropolitan Opera. His "Innerflexions," which had its world premiere, brought the "Celebration" to a rousing conclusion, more through adroit instrumentation than through substance. That, however, is an old compositional gambit, and it did nothing to lessen the impression that Smith's abilities are indeed unusual.

David Baker's cello concerto was also new to New York, though it had been previously performed in Minneapolis by Janos Starker, for whom it was written by his University of Indiana colleague. Some indication of Baker's orientation in music was contained in the statement that the solo part was written in the "style of a jazz saxophone" (he played jazz trombone in his youth). The figurations carried out the promise well enough, but the quantity of sound Baker mentally associated with the wind instrument would have withstood the heavily scored percussion parts (three players) better than did the weaker sound

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of the cello. Eugene Moye, a Juilliard graduate, gave a splendid account of the solo part, demonstrating a youthful flair for his instrument that should take him far.

The largest lack in the five evenings was not a want of black individuality but a lack of individuality of any sort. Competence was present on all sides, but save for the works of Walker and Smith, so was conformity to the modes of contemporary writing generally.

A striking exception was provided by Dr. Olly Wilson's "Sometimes," for tenor and prerecorded tape. Dr. Wilson (University of California) combined taped excerpts from works of Berio and other contemporary composers with a vocal line in which the highly accomplished William Brown (University of North Florida) intoned, exhorted, and agonized over references to "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child." The concept would have been arresting whether the material utilized was a spiritual or not, but the interrelationship certainly contributed to the realization of Wilson's purpose: to convey "something which transcends hopelessness."

The shorter piano pieces included a similar kind of cross-reference in "Watermelon," by T. J. Anderson (Tufts University), which related a street vendor's cry and a pop tune by Herbie Hancock called "Watermelon Man" to abstractions of Anderson's own. It was played with dryly appropriate style by Bates, as was the Prokofiev-like *Toccata* of Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson. The celebrated Samuel Coleridge-Taylor himself (of English name, 1875–1912) was represented by a Griegish "Danse Negre," which had a lively performance under the direction of Paul Freeman.

The Coleridge-Taylor dance can be found on another disc of the Columbia "Black Composers" series, as can a Haydnish symphony written in 1777 by the Chevalier de Saint-George, born in Guadeloupe of a French father and a Negro slave mother. The Saint-George symphony was joined on one of the programs conducted by Freeman with another work in the Columbia series: a Mozartian "Requiem" by the Argentinian José Maurício Nunes-García (1767–1830). Also available in recorded form is a provocative violin concerto by the contemporary Panamanian Roque Cordero (Illinois State University).

José Silvestre de los Dolores White's nineteenth-century blend of Vieuxtemps and Wieniawski was, perhaps symbolically, assigned to the only white performer in the "Celebration," Aaron Rosand, who played it like the master violinist he is. The soloist in the Cordero was Sanford Allen, until recently, before he resigned to pursue a solo career, the only black member of the Philharmonic. His performance, though somewhat small in tonal volume, was artistically valid, infused with a degree of individuality rarely heard from an orchestral player.

Doubtless there are reasons for including music of other lands and centuries in a "Celebration of Black Composers." However, I think of a Panamanian composer not as a black Panamanian but as a Panamanian—no more, for that matter, than I ever thought of Duke Ellington as a "black composer." He was just one hell of a gifted man.

As to the larger issues of the "Celebration," Edward MacDowell, one of the most talented composers ever born in this country, had the answer long ago. I join MacDowell in deploring the kind of artistic ghettoization to which he objected in 1904. When he discovered that a work of his was likely to be included in a program of which he had no prior knowledge, he asked that it be withdrawn from what, in a letter to its sponsors, he described as "a so-called American composers' concert advertised for tomorrow evening in the Metropolitan Opera House."

A "Celebration of Black Composers" could be indulged on a one-time basis because it covered areas long neglected by symphony orchestras and because it directed attention to the records produced by Columbia with the participation of the Afro-American Music Opportunities Association. But for the future, let us desegregate music, desegregate artistic values, and unify the need for fulfillment that is shared by all artistic people. The audiences at the free Auditorium concerts overflowed the hall's limited capacity; those at the Avery Fisher Hall programs, for which admission was charged, could have been larger. In both instances, the educational purpose was frustrated because the audiences were made up in large part of the race already inclined to the proposition that the contents were good.

Another year, the Philharmonic (whose members showed a high degree of professionalism in cooperating fully in every work they performed) should insist on programs that will combine audiences, not fragment them. ◉

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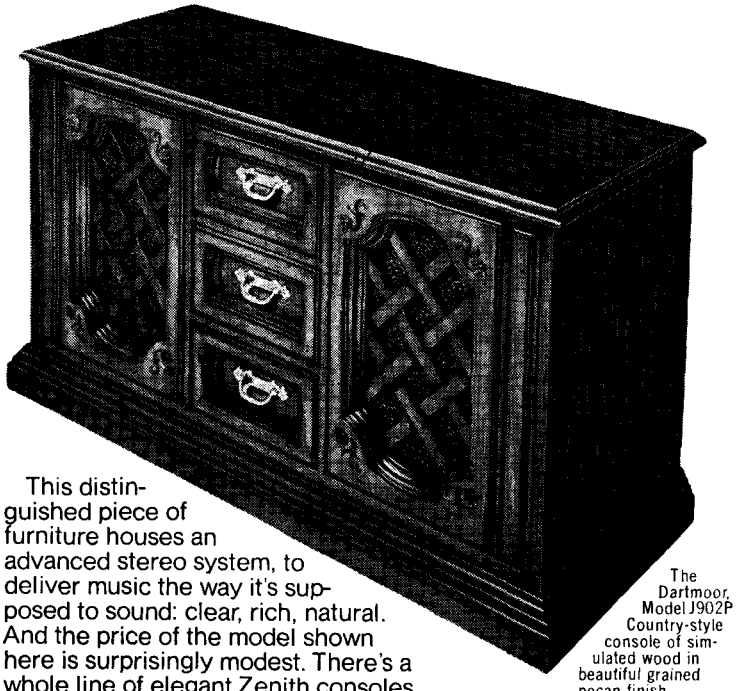

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Dance

Mail-order Dance

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The Magic Lantern *(1903), by George Melies—"How pleasurable to experience the performing artistry of the towering pioneers of modern dance."*

by Waiter Terry

THE dances and ballets of earlier centuries have been caught—but only in fragments—by painters, lithographers, sketchers, and sculptors; and by critics, historians, diarists, and poets. The librettists and composers of ballet scores have left more detailed guidelines. But today, every instant in a sequence of dance, no matter how complex, can be recorded forever through film (movie or video) and by dance notation (dance scripts).

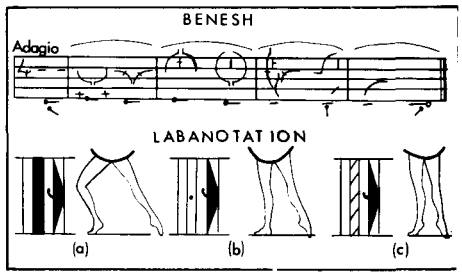
Dance notation is not new. One of the first methods, a very simple one suitable for very simple social dance steps, is contained in Thoinot Arbeau's *Orchésographie* (1588). In 1700, just after ballet had ceased to be exclusively a court pastime and turned professional, Raoul Feuillet published a method of notation based principally on floor patterns, with some steps and arm movements described. And in 1852, Arthur Saint-Léon (a great dancer and choreographer) invented *stenochorégraphie*, elaborating on an idea of stick figures placed on a musical staff.

Nearer to our time, notational devices have included Vladimir Stepanoff's system (1891), commonly referred to simply as "Stepanoff," employed to record several of the masterpieces of Marius Petipa (*The Sleeping Beauty* and others); "Labanotation," invented in 1928 as *Schrifttanz* by Rudolph von Laban, the great pioneer of European modern dance; and choreology, devised in 1955 by Rudolph and Joan Benesh and usually called "Benesh." In 1940 the Dance Notation Bureau was founded in New York City, and in 1976 computers entered the scene to expedite the writing and the reading of Labanotation and Benesh.

Why, one may ask, is either Laban or Benesh (the two major systems that are used worldwide) necessary in the age of the motion picture? Because a dance script, like a musical score, is impersonal; movies, like sound recordings or tapes, are inescapably personal. Dance scripts and scores set down not only content but the choreographer's and composer's intent; movies and recordings convey individual interpretation. Labanotation has been brought to a remarkable peak of exactitude under the brilliant leadership of Ann Hutchinson, through exhaustive work with Laban himself and through continuing international conferences on needs, techniques, and expansions with notation experts. It is certainly the most detailed and accurate form of notation yet devised: it can record the movements of masses of dancers in a stadium or the nine movements of the eyeball in the classical dance of India. Benesh, however, is quicker to read and to write than is Laban and is extremely valuable in restagings, especially in the field of classical ballet.

But we do need to preserve the great performances in dance and the disappearing dance rites and ceremonies of anthropological and ethnological importance, as well as the choreographer's and the composer's instructions. Since the start of this century, film has been a vital part of the library of dance accomplishment. The Dance Collection of the New York Public Library, housed at the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center, has more than 2 million feet of dance film. The footage ranges from an American Indian eagle dance to Pavlova's *The Dying Swan*, from a tantalizing glimpse of Pierina Legnani (the first great Odette-Odile in *Swan Lake*) in a movie bit made about 1898 to a fabulous performance by Rudolf Nureyev in *Le Jeune Homme et la Mort.*

The gentleman who knows more about dance films than anyone is John Mueller, a professor of political science at the University of Rochester, where he also teaches a survey course, "Dance as an Art Form," in which dance films are used extensively. Mueller's dissertation for his doctorate at the University of California at Los Angeles was titled "Reason and Caprice: Ballot Patterns in California" (1965). He has since lightened his concentration on *ballot* with *ballet,* but not before publishing "Canada as a Non-Nuclear Power," "Decision-Making and the Quantitative Analysis of International Relations," and other articles of like subject.



The two systems of dance notation.

While Mueller continues his interest in the field of political science, his service to dance includes not only his course at Rochester (launched in 1970) but also a monthly column on dance films and videotapes for *Dance Magazine*, dance criticism for the *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*, and his absolutely invaluable (and continuously updated) analytical directory of dance films: *Films on Ballet and Mod-*

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ern Dance: Notes and a Directory, published by the American Dance Guild (1619 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019).

The Mueller directory lists and describes several hundred available dance films; tells where to rent or buy them (and the fees) and their length; tells whether they are in color or not; and lists choreographers, casts, and dates of filming. There is a section for teachers on "Dance, Film and the College Classroom," a list of books and articles for students to read, and elaborate notes for structuring studies of films of major works. One such work might be Martha Graham's *Night Journey*, for which Mueller suggests reading the Greek myth of Oedipus, the *Oedipus Rex* of Sophocles, Aristotle's essay on tragedy, and what psychoanalysts have said about the Oedipus complex. Mueller also discourses on Miss Graham's approach to the story, the actual composition of the dance-drama, ways of evaluating the film, how to show it for study in a classroom (with commentary where necessary), and what other Graham films could be shown as a study-prologue to *Night Journey*.

The directory is not exclusive in its selections. For although its title stresses ballet and modern dance, you will find everything from Busby Berkeley routines to Bolshoi Ballet and a fragment from an 1890s feature-length film in which a Spanish dancer swings a chair clenched between her teeth. The succinct Mueller notes for each film let you know exactly what you are getting for your rentals or purchases from the more than 50 distribution companies and centers (many are university libraries) listed in the directory.

In his search for dance films and videotapes, Mueller has been assisted by grants from the National Endowment for the Humanities. The grants, channeled through the University of Rochester, were for $22,658 two years ago and for $42,558 this year. In the teaching of dance history, how essential it is—and how pleasurable!—for a current generation to experience the performing artistry of those who danced in an earlier day: Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey, and Helen Tamiris, towering pioneers of American modern dance; Mary Wigman, the genius of German modern dance; Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn in generous episodes; and tantalizing glimpses of Isadora Duncan and Loie Fuller, the titans who launched a new dance age at the turn of the century. From Astaire to Ulanova, both retired, the magic is preserved on film for today's generation and for later ones; and thanks to John Mueller, the magic is but a stamped envelope away.

The dance world needs the cold, clear accuracy of Labanotation so that a new cast can learn a masterwork free of the genius, idiosyncrasies, or ineptitudes of earlier interpreters. But once a dance is learned, movies and videotapes of great dance performances may both challenge and inspire the newcomer. And for much of the public, movies translate the literature of the dance into movement—and movement is what the art of dancing is all about. ◉

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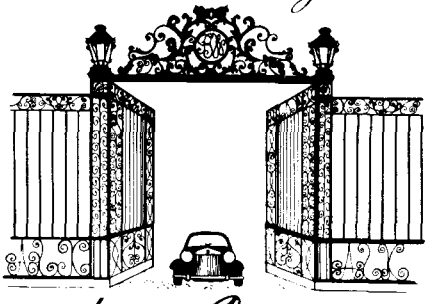

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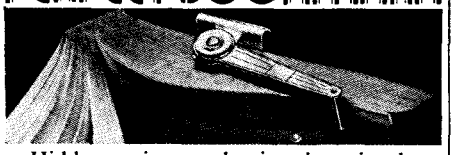

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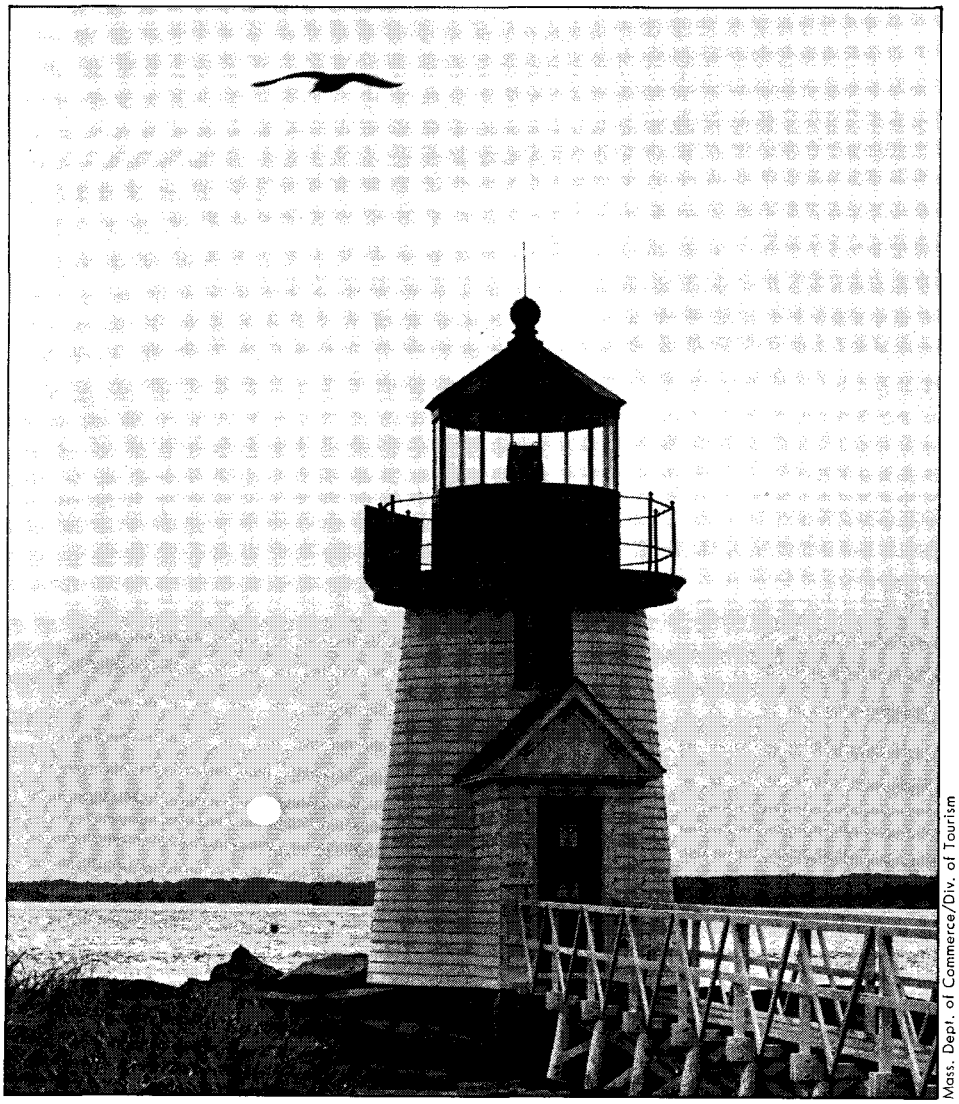

Mass. Dept. of Commerce/Div. of Tourism

Brant Point, Nantucket—"When the sun turns on the last rose flood lamp . . ."

by Horace Sutton

I SHALL take into winter the snow boots and the fur hats and the sweaters that sing now of camphor and repel me along with the moths. But more than all that, I shall take the Nantucket days of summer, especially private memory clips of crystal mornings when I left the nest on Cliff Road with its gray shingles and blue hydrangeas and threaded the aging convertible through the back roads. Passing the old windmill and stealing a glance to see if the sails were up, I would wind through the cemeteries where the island dead have lain in uncomplaining patience for a century or two, disturbed only by the rubbings-makers who come with their tracing paper and masking tape to take home a carbon of the earthly marker of a soul so long withered into ash.

Then I would make the little jog, this way and that at the crossroads that don't quite meet and, as one searches for the light switch in a darkened but familiar room, I would feel for Hummock Pond Road. By then I was out of the territory where the bikers come and huddle at the corners, peering at the map in the search for Milk Street, or Quaker Road, or Copper Lane. And then there was Hummock Pond Road and I knew soon there would be the tempting turnoff to Bartlett's farm, where the pickers were always in the fields scurrying to keep up with the needs of the summer people. At Bartlett's you could get a rainbow of zinnias for 50 cents, or a watermelon round as a cannonball and orange inside, or corn with white and yellow kernels always with worms on the end that had to be chopped off before the children saw them.

But I didn't stop on the outgoing run because I had a date with the solitude at Cisco, a beach I came to call my own. You have to take a dirt road to get there, and if you started early there would only be a car or two already parked, and you could walk through the wild beach plums that some collect for jelly, and the rose hips, and you could look back across the lonely moors with only a house scattered here and there and the sky blue and peerless with no trace of a cloud, a rare circumstance for Nantucket, which so often cloaks itself in fog, albeit with dash and mystery, as fin-de-siècle actors swirled themselves in capes.

The beach was bare and you could stake out a parcel of sand just under the tufts of dune grass so the wind wouldn't whip the pages of the book you brought. I would read then and, growing restive, walk along the wet part of the sand where the footing was best and commune with the pipers bobbing for breakfast with their needle bills. I would go as far as the abandoned house, perhaps a half-mile away, and cross in front of its lonely windows, nailed shut now and left to wizen in the sun. Then I would walk barefoot down the dirt road and look back to glory in the moors again and yet again, as one goes back too often and yet inexorably to the cookie jar on an idle evening at home. And then I would pull a daisy and stick it in the hole of the broadbrimmed hat that I had bought years back in Mombasa because the skin man had said to keep the sun off one's face, and because it lent my psyche a certain panache.

By now parents bearing hampers had arrived, and at the patch of beach where I had left my things and staked my claim, towheaded kids called Cartwright, and Hardy, and Porter, and others with last names for first names were playing parachute and diving from grass-tufted dune-top into the sand below. Later, when they were dressed for home, they were neat and uniformed in their Lacoste polo shirts and madras shorts, marching into a life

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that would soon, if not already, be complete with a charge account at Brooks, enrollment at St. Paul's, and a promising career on The Street.

I liked Cisco because there was no hot dog truck offering foot-longs as there was at Surfside, where a lot of kids went. Surfside had a sandbar this summer, and that made it popular because the waves broke twice, and it didn't seem to matter that besides surf it also had jellyfish. The jocks of summer were at Surfside, young college men just becoming accustomed to their broad shoulders, which they used with abandon in touch football games in the sand. Strollers not taken out of the play by accidental collision stood the chance of being garroted by a kite string, kite flying on the beach being a major attraction on Nantucket. And so, families eager to stay out of Nantucket Cottage Hospital lay about in collective nests flat on the sand, looking like unclothed Arabs recently arrived at the oasis at Sidi Bou Said.

One afternoon P. and I took a skiff with an outboard motor from Erickson's on Steamboat Wharf, and I let him steer the boat out across the harbor where the great ferries of the Steamship Authority come in from the Massachusetts mainland. We crossed the ferryway without colliding with one of the million-dollar yachts, which were as thick as swan boats in Boston, and tied the forward line to the white buoy that marked the channel. We put the fishing lines over and got nothing but a pounding from the swells, so we abandoned that station and headed up, first past Shimmo on the south shore of the great harbor, and then crossed to the scalloped coast that is an uninhabited sandy arm reachable only by sea or by dune buggy. P. got his rod in play, and I unwound an old drop line we had bought summers ago when there was a gray day at Torquay and nothing to do but see if we could catch an English fish. There proved no language barrier here, for we soon had a bucketful of scup, the double-pronged drop line bringing up two at a time on a pair of occasions. We tired of that, possibly because it was too easy and because anyone with foresight could view the mounting job of scaling, gutting, and decapitating that lay ahead.

We steered the skiff in close to the land called Coatue where some uninhabited beaches stood, nearly fouling the motor in the toils of a black-suited scuba diver who surfaced quite suddenly. But we could see a glorious row of beaches with flatland beyond that cried to be discovered as one would explore a reef at Raiatea. We vowed to get two boats on another day, gather all the clans, and mount a massive migration with victuals prepared in advance and a whole day ahead of fishing and swimming and lying on our own beach, taking time now and then for a foray into the backlands known only to horseshoe crabs and pipers and passing gulls.

P. headed the skiff back toward Nantucket harbor, toward the wharves where the sailing ships had once returned after four years inspecting Canton, the whales of the southern seas, and the girls of Lahaina. He steered in close so we could get a sea view of the yachts in the marina, an agglomeration of floating disposable income beyond the ken of salaried man. Then we circled the old sailing ship called *Shenandoah* and watched in some wonder while a crewman in shorts grabbed a rope and swung wide abeam, making a Tarzan leap far outboard of the ship. Then as the rope swung backward in its pendulous arc and was halfway along the course of its second swing, he let go and plunged into the bay.

We came back toward Steamboat Wharf and there was the blue hull of the smack called *Portugal*, its letters standing high and bold. And just behind her the berthed bright red Nantucket Lightship, its huge letters fitted neatly along the side as ocean liners used to see them on their way into port. It was a splendid picture and I raised the viewfinder, and when blue *Portugal* and red *Nantucket* were in artful balance I pressed on the shutter, but it wouldn't give, for the last frame had been shot and *Portugal* had steam up and was already moving out of position. I tried to assemble a parable about life out of all that, but I gave up because Erickson's dock was at hand and we were being given instructions to come about and other nautical terms that do not sit with ease within my working vocabulary.

For the glory of its blueness, its Athenian luminescence, I like that day even better as I catalog it now than I did the morning when we rose with the fog and four of us split the charter fee for a fishing boat and gathered up two kids and went off for blues. The captain had brought in 15 blues on the morning run and 10 in the afternoon two days before, when we had engaged him, but it became clear even as we churned our way out of the harbor and headed for Great Point that this would not be a day like the other. T. was already sick, with the bucket by her side, pleading to be allowed to swim to Great Point rather than sustain a whole morning of this. If allowed she would have cheerfully set off in the Australian crawl toward Spain, 3,588 miles in the other direction; but B., who was only a day back from a mission in the sandlands of the Middle East and would soon head off to China, held her hand firmly and announced that he would have to rethink this excursion. Alas, only an hour before, he had announced exactly how many fish we would keep, how many we would, in our infinite magnanimity, give to the hospital, and how I should, as chef, prepare the rest.

A., our visitor from France, tired of the stern port seat and the dull going, gave it to me in cheerful ennui. I refused to play the fake squid that danced in outrageous colors—what blue would believe it?—at the end of my line, and I let the rod lay across my knees, finger on the reel. In a flash that wakened us, even relieving T. from her view of the bucket, a blue hit my phony squid and pulled my shoulder partway to Cádiz. I played him, old man against the sea, for what I thought was the better part of the morning, but A., the banker, later assured me it was exactly six minutes before we had him to gaff. I gave A. back his seat and he shortly had his own fish, about which even now, I suspect, he is telling tales at a café on the Rond-Point.

And so we had two blues, which if you figured them at $45 apiece makes them more expensive than caviar. But we were playing fish roulette in which all the numbers were blue. The next day I had finished exploring the Nantucket Seafood Company, an agreeable dealer in lobsters, plaice, and clams, and an overlooked Nantucket delicacy, stone crabs, when the whistle sounded twelve o'clock. It was time for the charter boats to come back from the half-day hunt, and I sauntered across the dock to see how our boat had done and, sure, he had 20 blues on the cleaning table.

Well, no matter, we had taken the fillets of our fish and the mate had, after some importunings, agreed to snip off the cheeks, which S. ate raw, as if he were part Eskimo and part Kodiak bear. We smoked one side, which made elegant hors d'oeuvres, smoked fish—carp, sable, whitefish, and salmon—being part of what New York calls collectively (if not grammatically) "appetizing." A smoked blue as "appetizing" would arch an eyebrow in the Bronx, but on Nantucket the tony Chanticleer has it on the menu.

The other side of our blue was later

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submitted to the charcoal grill and provided dinner for an assemblage of nine. The tiny scup, about as big as a porgy, proved more of a culinary challenge. Panfried for breakfast was obvious, but it had no takers, so the catch was finally filleted, an operation requiring no less dexterity than removing the appendix from a bee and then dipping it in tempura batter and deep frying it. A *piri-piri* sauce borrowed from the Portuguese would have been the ideal dip had I thought of it in time.

Sometimes we would go for lunch to Straight Wharf because someone with class was producing *humous*, spinach pie, and linguine in pesto, served cold. When E. arrived from Hawaii on East Coast leave, we drove out to Chanticleer in Siasconset and had a merry lunch in the arbor, which is rather like a setting in France, especially if the imagination is aided, as was ours, by a bottle of blanc de blanc.

One night, in quartet, we went down to The Skipper on Steamboat Wharf and sat in the bar with the piano tinkling alongside and ordered the clambake for two, with an extra plate on the side. That masterwork made the most significant entrance of the summer, for it arrived on a platter larger than a pizza pan loaded with mussels and steamers, shrimp, corn on the cob, potatoes, and stone crabs, with a bright lobster commanding the center. At $20 (with three dollars extra for the side plate), it was the best summer dish on the island.

Half the summer was over before we discovered the Skipper Bakery, which produces cookies the size of cartwheels and macaroons as big as cupcakes, not to mention banana and cranberry bread, Scotch-Irish cake, Portuguese and oatmeal bread. Even when we got to know it, we never forsook Mme. Marty's place, where three baguettes a day for our entourage was a standing order. Knackwurst grilled on charcoal fanned by sea air and stuffed in a baguette is a combination that would have brought a whaler home a year early.

It mattered little that the sun didn't shine all the time. On gray afternoons I herded my people down to the Rose and Crown on South Water Street, where a lady known as Traci Starr belted the piano and sang and played the kazoo with abandon—though not the last two at the same time. One could contemplate what the French are fond of calling *les types*, or mesmerize oneself watching the workings of the piano, an upright with boards missing, and fiddle with a pile of shrimp that arrive unpeeled in the Spanish fashion. There is some therapy in hand-peeling shrimp, and it is infinitely more rewarding than diddling worry beads in the manner of the Greeks. Sometimes Traci, with a cigarette burning in the ashtray and a beer waiting in a stein, would reward my mawkish soul with throaty attacks on "Send In the Clowns" and that would set me up to go to the ferry slip and wait in the foggy darkness for friends coming in by boat. "She has just rounded Brant Point" would come the call, although there was nothing to see except the fog and nothing to hear except the moan of the horn and the cry of a gull.

In the late afternoons when the days were good I would go down to Jetties, which is a quiet beach, and commune with the gulls. One day I watched a hunchbacked brown gull with a limp walk to a white gull and unleash what sounded like a string of invective but may have just been a simple question like "When is dinner ready?" Anyway, the white gull dropped a mouthful of macerated fish in front of the brown gull, who ate it and squawked again and got a new regurgitation brought up from deeper depths. Another gull swooped seaward and came back to the beach with a crab. The brown gull squawked again and the white gull gave him the crab, which was obviously the main course. Anyway I gazed a long time at the summer homes along the beach as I enjoyed to do just at the hour when the sun turns on the last rose flood lamp of the day and the white edges of the gray houses are limned against the sky. Then I went home and told the story of the gulls, and Ph., who is an *independista* when it fancies her, demanded to know how I knew the brown gull was a man. It isn't easy to be a sexist in gullish matters, but I count it one of my accomplishments of the summer.

Then at last the day arrived and the convertible, a little older and a little sandier, was packed to the gunwales, and we set off for the ferry, passing my favorite sign, which says, "LAST POPCORN FOR THIRTY MILES," and the frozen yogurt stand where you could get a boysenberry dip with granola sprinkles, the only one for 30 miles. Or maybe more.

I fell asleep on the deck of the ferry, and when I awoke there was the outline of mainland America, and it was all over. And so now the memories are in order, or at least entered in the ledger. The wood is stacked. Let the winter come. ◉

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 93
A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 53.*

XU LVHUOV BW SWE
DT H QOVU TNWVB
WCO:"W MWVE, XHYO
XU OCOXDOT XWTB
VDEDZKMWKT!" SWE
NHT SVHCBOE DB.

—QWMBHDVO

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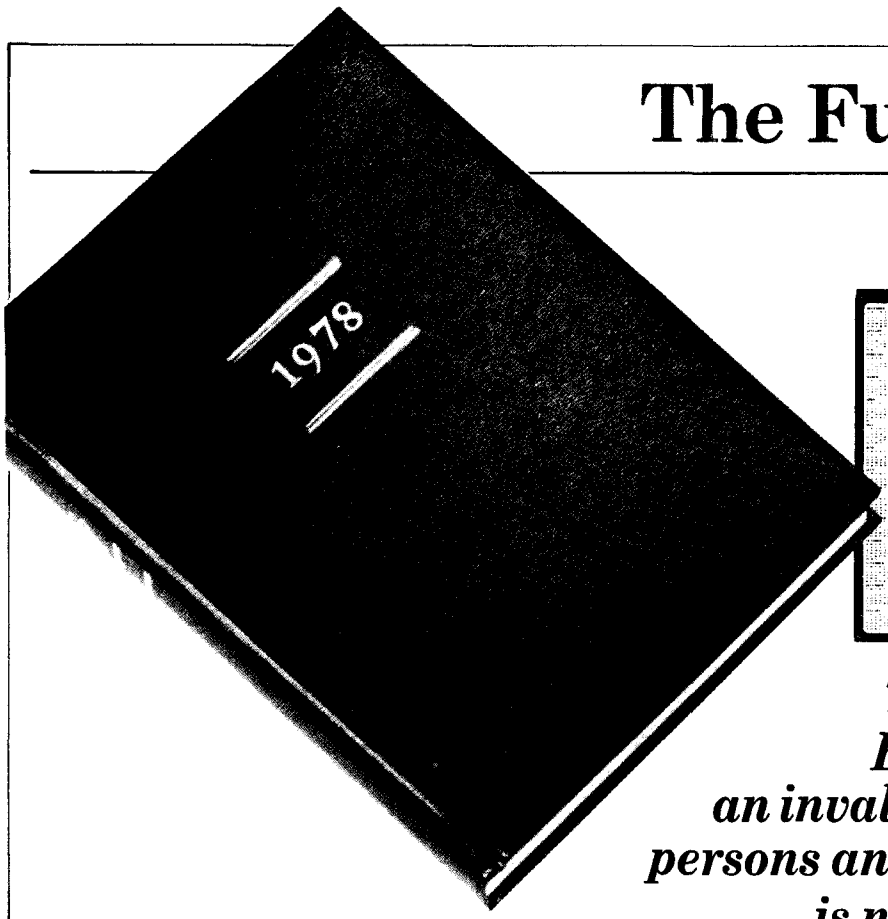

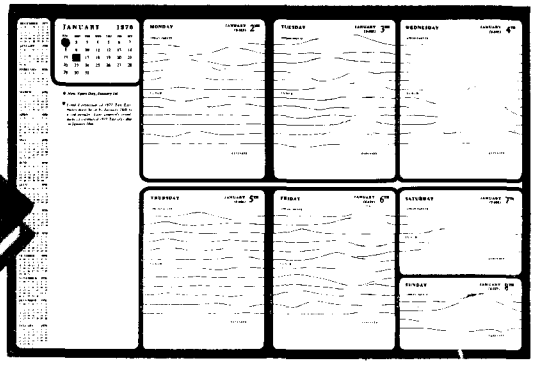

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Education Now

The College Entrance Examination Board has reported that the 14-year decline in the Scholastic Aptitude Test [SAT] scores may be due in part to what has been happening in American homes as well as in the schools. What can we as parents do to help raise our children's scores?

Mr. and Mrs. R. Sautermeister
Jackson, Miss.

At the heart of the advisory panel's report to the board was its stress on "the central importance of restoring the traditions of critical reading and careful writing." In broad terms, the experts ascribed the downward trend in the SAT scores to a "clearly observable evidence of diminishing seriousness of purpose and attention to mastery of skills and knowledge . . . in the schools, the home, and the society generally."

While there is no easy, all-purpose prescription for parents—and the panel offered nothing of the kind—there seem to me to be fairly obvious ways in which parents can help; and the earlier in a child's life, the better.

A basic step is to make children conscious of the wonderful world of books and the miracle of reading. Reading regularly to tots, from age two and up, is a crucial start. Nothing is more habit-forming than such reading sessions every evening before bedtime. Letting children follow the story by way of accompanying pictures establishes a subconscious connection between illustrations and the printed word. (Incidentally, it is quite normal for infants to demand to hear the same story over and over again. After a while, they usually begin to correct you indignantly if you leave out or change a single word, thus indicating that they have learned to understand the reassuring permanence of the printed page.) Making books an exciting part of a growing child's life generates motivation for wanting to learn to read when the time comes.

As children grow older, writing as well as reading ought to be made a part of family activities. Encourage your children to write letters, even in this age when it seems so much simpler to call Aunt Nelly on the phone to thank her for that baseball glove. And some children can be taught to enjoy keeping a diary.

No modern American home can ignore the role of television. The advisory panel reported that by age sixteen most children have spent between 10,000 and 15,000 hours watching TV. When youngsters enter first grade, their average watching time is estimated at between 20 and 35 hours a week. "Children," said the report, "are doing what their parents are; television now occupies about 40 percent of Americans' leisure time."

For parents, the answer ought to be in the application of some common and pedagogic sense. Outlawing TV is clearly the wrong answer, just as Prohibition was the wrong prescription to cope with what temperance advocates diagnosed as the drinking problem of Americans. The fact is that TV has proved itself a most effective teacher. Children go to school with an understanding of many concepts, such as "up" and "down," that used to be taught laboriously in "reading readiness" lessons. At age four, our younger son startled us by telling his mother that she was "nicer than the average mommy." How had he learned the word, let alone the proper concept of, "average"? A sampling of his favorite programs led to the cartoon of Yogi Bear, who is "smarter than the average bear."

Rather than treating TV as the enemy, parents can give it a constructive place in the home by not allowing it to crowd out children's other normal activities, including their homework. This makes it imperative to resist the temptation to use the tube as a baby-sitter. Parents ought to join their children in watching at least some of their favorite programs as a means of avoiding conversation gaps and opinion gaps between the generations.

Television, properly used, can be made a bridge to reading. If a televised motion picture, such as *The Life of Louis Pasteur*, excites a child's interest in science, as it did ours, chances are that this will lead to a quest for the further information to be found in books. Making books and libraries easily accessible is the parents' part of the process.

In areas more directly related to children's formal learning, the advisory panel suggests that recent rapid changes in educational practices and methodology (such as the New Math and other innovative teaching procedures) may have strained the relationship between teachers and parents at the children's expense. Parents can do their part toward healing the rupture by trying to reestablish a partnership with teachers. A variety of newly created study guides designed to aid parents in helping their children with their schoolwork may prove useful. Even more important, at the first sign of any physical or mental dysfunction that might lead to learning disability, parents ought to confer with competent and sympathetic teachers or, if necessary or preferable, with outside consultants, to prevent the kind of creeping deterioration of motivation and self-confidence that eventually leads to poor academic performance or worse.

What about actual preparation for the SATs? The test experts, who have a stake in preserving the mystery of the testing process, will ask you to keep hands off. Don't take their warnings too seriously. Sensible school people usually provide students with some practice in test-taking. If your youngster is not offered such opportunities in school, you may want to help by buying or borrowing special manuals for the purpose. But don't overdo such preparation or overstress the tests' importance; merely assure that your child will not be at a disadvantage against a majority of others who have had the benefit of practice. If your child chronically does poorly in standardized tests when compared to his or her academic record, a few sessions at a reputable coaching school may not be amiss. But remember also that as college enrollments continue to decline, these tests will increasingly turn into toothless tigers.

—FRED M. HECHINGER

Wit Twister No. 104

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 52.

I sit beneath my ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
and wonder when
The human ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
evolved upon our features.
Has it, on planets ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
beyond our ken,
Through primal ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
appeared on other creatures?

Contributed by Miriam Dunham, Chocorua, N.H.

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Light Refractions

Rumble at Moot Point

by Thomas H. Middleton

I REMEMBER the first time I heard the word *moot*. I was gawking around in my teens, nd my father told me he was going to lew Haven to act as judge in a moot court t Yale Law School. I asked him what a ıoot court was, and he said it was a sort f practice trial, *moot* meaning debatable. . moot point, he said, was a point that ɔuld be argued—that had not yet been ettled one way or another.

As I recall, I just took my father's word ɔr what *moot* meant. I don't think I ɔoked it up. For all these years, I've nown with a certainty sprung from faith ı my father that *moot* meant debatable. rom time to time I've heard *moot* used ı mean something else, something like *of ɔ practical significance*; and I've figured ıat those people who use *moot* in that ay simply don't properly understand the eaning of the word.

Recently, though, there was an editorial the *Los Angeles Times* on the porpoise ıd tuna problem. If you've ever sat on e bow of a boat while a school of porɔises cavorted around you, leaping out f the sea to give you the once-over, frolking and smiling with dolphinian exuerance, the porpoise and tuna problem ınnot leave you unmoved. Since I first saw a television film of dolphins being killed in tuna nets, I haven't bought a can of tuna. So of course I read what the *Times* had to say about the situation. What they said was that Senator Alan Cranston of California "reports 'a significant turn of events' in the stormy conflict between environmentalists and the tuna industry."

(Just on the off chance that there are a few people who don't know what the problem is, it is that porpoises swim above schools of yellowfin tuna. The tuna boat captains set their huge nets where they see the porpoises. Then in the process of hauling in their catch of tuna, they also haul in quite a few porpoises, many of which drown in the nets.)

The *Times* article went on to explain that "there is evidence . . . that the porpoises are outwitting the fishermen. When a seiner approaches, they are beginning to put a safe distance between themselves and the deeper-swimming yellowfin.

"A number of captains are convinced that a porpoise, once caught and then freed from the nets, remembers the trauma and has no wish to repeat it. And when one of them flees on the approach of a fishing vessel, others follow.

"Although Cranston concedes that 'there is no scientific evidence as yet that the creatures are a jump or two ahead' of the captains, it would be wondrous if they had found their own way to moot the controversy over their survival."

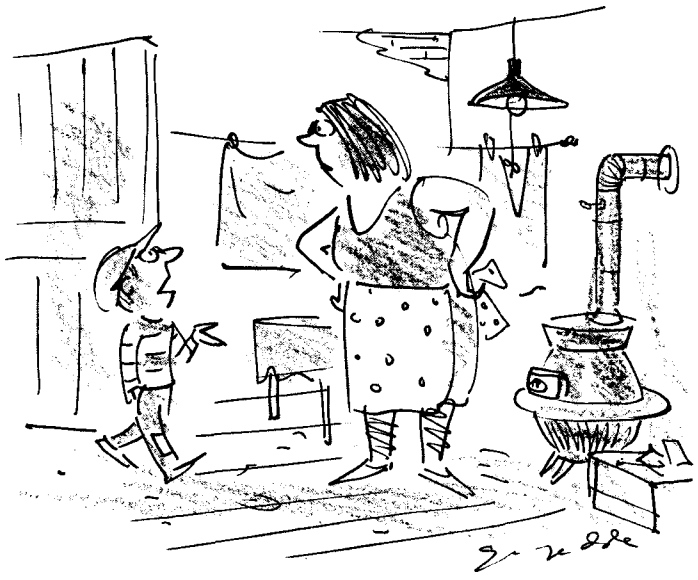
Good for the porpoises, I thought—although the editorial writer doesn't know his *moot*.

Then it occurred to me that the editorial writer might know his *moot* better than I do. After all, a recurring theme in these columns has been that language changes, and a word that meant one thing 40 years ago might very well have acquired new meanings today. So I went to my dictionaries and found, not much to my surprise, that I had simply not kept up with the times or the *Times*.

The 1933 *Oxford English Dictionary*, naturally, gives the older meanings for *moot*, approximately the ones my father taught me: "that can be argued; debatable; not decided, doubtful." In its oldest meaning, *moot* was a meeting or encounter, then "an assembly of people, *esp.* one forming a court of judicature." As a verb, the modern meaning in the *OED* is "to raise or bring forward (a point, question, subject, etc.) for discussion." *Webster's New International, Second Edition* is not much different, but *Webster's Third* and *Random House* both give *moot* a new dimension. I'll quote *Random House*, but the *Third* says substantially the same thing. First the traditional meaning: "*adj.* **1.** subject to argument or discussion; debatable; doubtful: *a moot point*." But then we get "**2.** of little or no practical value or meaning; purely academic." And for *moot* as a verb, *Random House* says not only "to present or introduce . . . for discussion" but "to reduce or remove the practical significance of; make purely theoretical or academic."

I think this is an excellent example of how a word can change its meaning in a relatively short time. It's easy enough to see how *moot* took on its new character. For one thing, a moot court is, indeed, academic. But I strongly suspect that there's another element at work: the similarity between *moot* and *mute*. *To moot* used to mean to present for discussion, but *to mute* means to deprive of a voice. To have no voice is to have no power.

During the past 25 or 30 years, there has been such an enormous profusion of words in every medium—and not just of words but of excess verbiage running into the billions of tons—that it's small wonder that words get banged about and lose some of their integrity, getting new wrinkles faster than ever before. It's easy to deplore the whole process, but the deploring is a waste of time, I'm afraid, and the game is sort of fun to watch. ◉



"How come you never mention the dirt I track out?"

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Answer to *Wit Twister* No. 104 (see page 50): limes, smile, miles, slime

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Answer to *Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. 93* (see page 48): My prayer to God is a very short one: "O Lord, make my enemies most ridiculous!" God has granted it. —Voltaire

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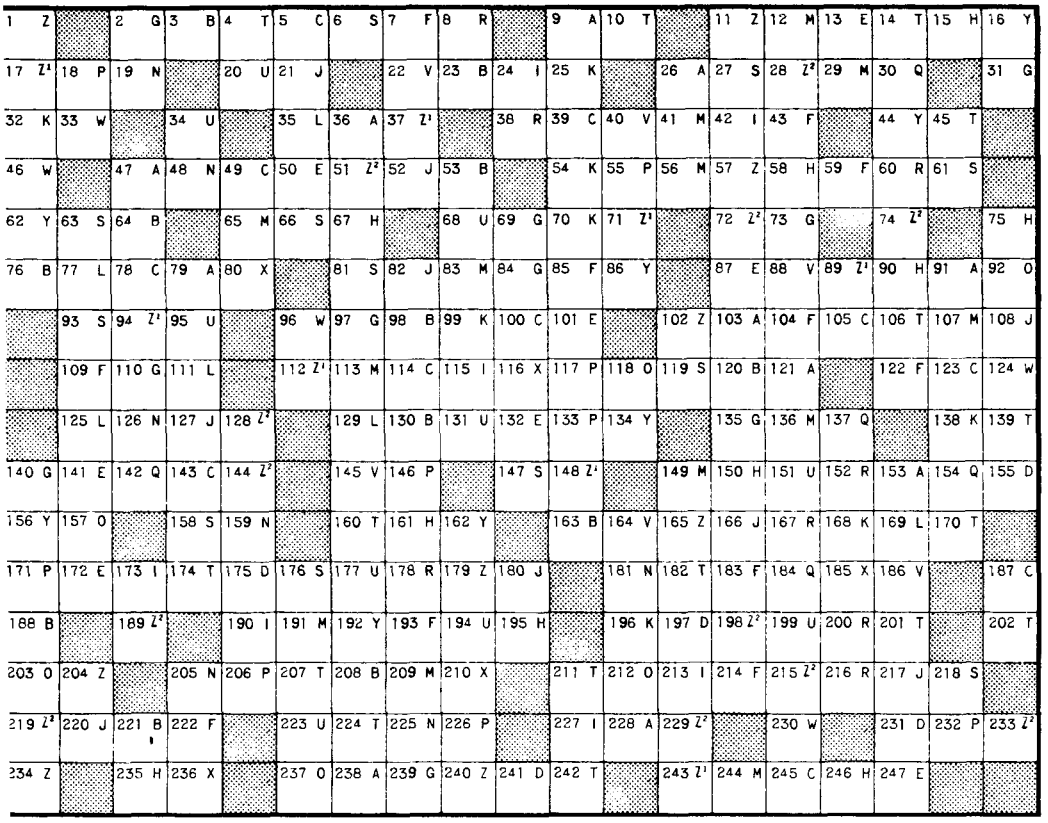

Number 133

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

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. "And on that grave where _____ and holly / And laurel wreaths entwine" (2 wds.; Harte, "Dickens in Camp")

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WORDS

26 36 79 91 103 121 153 228 238 9 47

53 64 76 98 120 130 163 221 3 188 208 23

39 49 78 100 114 187 245 5 105 123 143

155 175 197 231 241

13 50 101 132 247 87 141 172

183 193 214 7 43 85 122 222 59 104 109

69 84 135 2 31 73 97 110 140 239

246 15 58 150 161 195 235 67 75 90

115 173 190 227 24 42 213

217 52 82 108 166 220 21 127 180

196 25 54 70 99 138 168 32

111 169 35 77 129 125

12 41 56 149 113 136 191 209 244 29 83

107 65

126 159 205 225 19 48 181

203 212 92 118 157 237

CLUES

P. Members of an austere branch of the Cistercian order

Q. Pile

R. Two words added to the "Pledge of Allegiance" in 1954

S. Leather dressing (comp. and wd.)

T. 1935 Marx brothers film (5 wds.)

U. Proclaimed orally, as a will

V. "She hath the stones upon her, and the _____!" (*Merchant of Venice*)

W. City in northwest Argentina

X. Powerful, muscular

Y. Carries through

Z. August

Z¹. "What worlds in th'yet unformed _____ / May come refin'd with th'accents that are ours?" (Daniel, "Musophilus")

Z². Destruction (3 wds.)

WORDS

133 206 55 146 171 232 18 117 226

30 137 154 184 142

167 200 8 38 216 60 152 178

6 61 93 147 218 81 27 158 176 66 119 63

224 45 106 211 242 160 202 174 201 139 170

10 182 207 14 4

68 131 151 194 177 223 34 20 199 95

186 145 88 164 22 40

33 46 124 96 230

210 185 236 80 116

62 156 86 44 192 16 162 134

234 11 57 165 1 102 240 179 204

148 89 243 17 71 112 94 37

219 128 189 198 28 74 51 144 229 215 72 233

nswer to ***Double-Crostic No. 132*** appears on page 30.

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The Citizens Who Need Us Most

" 'If parents are frustrated, it is no wonder: for although they have the responsibility for their children's lives, they hardly ever have the voice, the authority, or the power to make others listen to them.' "

CHILDREN embody the future: they are any country's most valuable resource. Yet oddly enough, children are often the last considered when Americans debate questions of public policy. The effects on the lives of children of decisions about national health insurance, unemployment policy, welfare, or abortion are often ignored. Children do not vote, do not have a lobby, do not even know they have rights. A child cannot know that he has received a poor education or inadequate medical care until long after he has suffered the consequences of his privation.

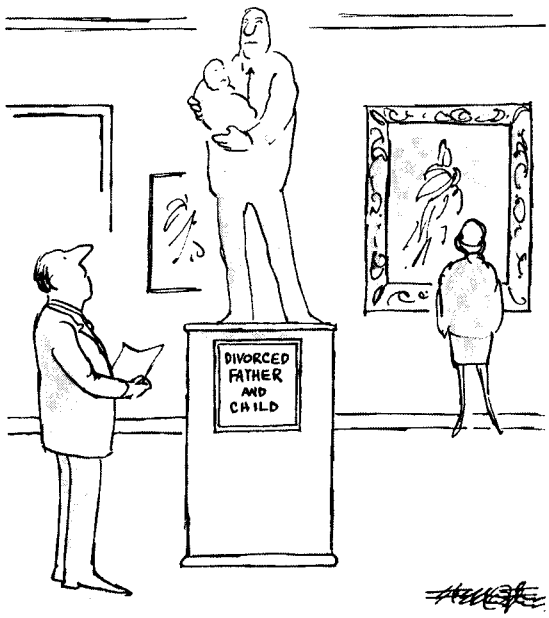
In *All Our Children* (Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, $10.95), a book that could serve as a platform for a children's rights party, Professor Kenneth Keniston and the Carnegie Council on Children recommend that the first, rather than the last, question to be asked of a public policy is "How will it affect children?" The policies they have in mind are not just those that address themselves to the immediate needs of children but any policy that directly or indirectly affects the shape of a child's life. Thus a fiscal policy that results in an "acceptable" unemployment rate of 7 or 8 percent would be unacceptable to children because it would deprive millions of would-be working parents of the satisfaction of earning a living and would put undue strains on the family. Similarly, a national health system that results in an infant mortality rate higher than that of 14 other nations (despite the fact that we spend more of our gross national product on medical care) gets low marks from the children's point of view.

The approach is novel. Historically, the quality of children's lives has been blamed on or credited to their parents. If a child failed, society (and parents themselves) assumed it was because of something the parents had done wrong. But today, far from being the sole influence on their children's lives, parents are more like executives who must try to orchestrate the influences on their children. Over many of these influences, such as television (which an average child has watched for more than 15,000 hours by the time he is eighteen years old), parents have slight control. "As a result," writes Keniston, "the parent today is usually a co-ordinator without voice or authority, a maestro trying to conduct an orchestra of players who have never met and who play from a multitude of different scores, each in a notation the conductor cannot read. If parents are frustrated, it is no wonder: for although they have the responsibility for their children's lives, they hardly ever have the voice, the authority, or the power to make others listen to them."

Since society is at least as responsible as parents for the success of its children, society should do everything in its power to increase those children's chances in life. That means guaranteeing adequate health care to all children and parents, regardless of their ability to pay. That means putting programs on television that are helpful to children, not just lucrative to networks. That means not contributing to the development of an unhealthy taste in infants for high-salt, high-sugar foods by routinely salting or sugaring baby foods (to make them tasty for mothers). That means rewriting work and welfare laws so that they encourage rather than discourage family life.

Once one starts perceiving public issues from the children's point of view, the necessity of certain programs, such as national health insurance becomes so obvious that one wonders how it could ever have been doubted. Inevitably, a comprehensive commitment to children will cost taxpayer money (the accounting of these costs is the least persuasive aspect of the report). But stop to think of it: Can there be a better investment?

All Our Children is a valuable book. It forces one to see how poorly we have done by the citizens who need us most. —CARLL TUCKER



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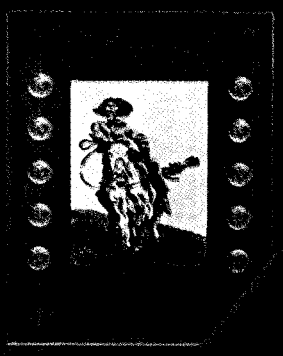
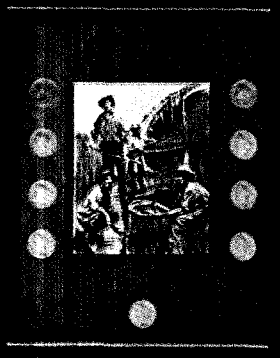
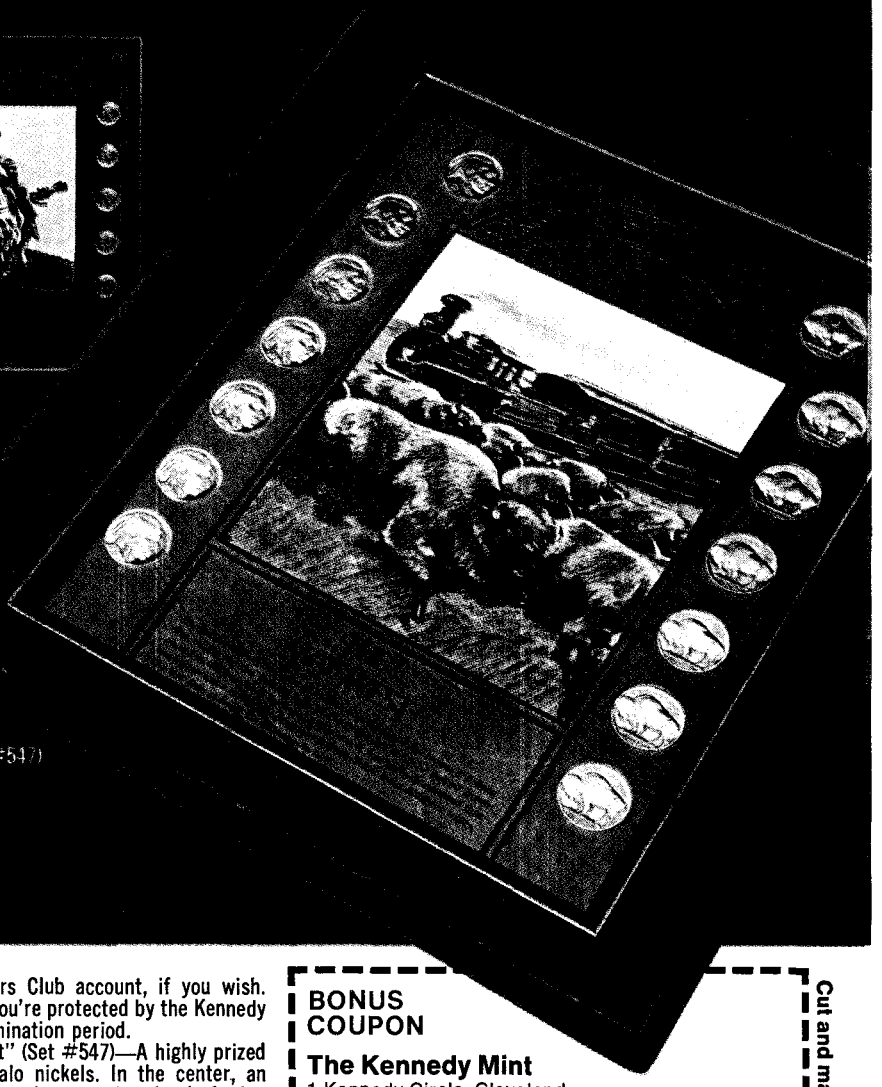


(Set #547)



(Set #548)



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